MORALL DISCOURSES AND ESSAYES,

UPON Severall Select Subjects.

Written, By *T. C.* Esquire.

Non præstant Philosophi, quæ loquuntur, Multum tamen præstant, quod loquuntur, quod honestâ mente concipiunt. Seneca *de Beata Vita. Pudet dicere; Honesta colimus, quantum vacat.* Ibid. Ep. 75.

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MORAL DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS

PROOEMIUM.

THey are thought to have a very hard, but honest indeed, perhaps, an easie Taske, that are to treat of Subjects, wherein many Excellent Pens having gone before, may seem to have anticipated all that can be pertinently spoken: It is, I confess, in some measure true of those which will handle Arts and Sciences, from whom some

new discovery is justly expected; Neither will their Modern Termes absolve them from the Censure of affecting to write somewhat, though to no purpose, if they deliver nothing new in substance. From an Essay or Morall Discourse, we are to require nothing, that was never harped on by any Orpheus; *For the Theory of Morality is a path so trodden with throngs of Authours, that perhaps* Solomon *himself, if he were now alive, would find it hard to say something in this kind, which might be as new to us, as* Gunpow-

der

der and the Load-stone once
were.

From it therefore we are to
expect only matter well digested,
with such a trimming and fur-
nishing of the Arguments, that
the Reader may be tempted, like
some Gentlemen, as it were to
buy that Horse in Smithfield,
which himself lately sold in a
Country Fair, Such an Art of
new compounding the same mat-
ter in variety of Expression,
that the Herbalist shall have
much adoe to discern his own
Simples.

The Consideration hereof hath

encouraged me to publish these
Essayes, most of them written
upon Themes very popular.
Whereby, though I may well de-
spair to purchase the name of a
Author, Yet I may seem to be
a digestor of what I have read
in this kind, and without assu-
ming to inform any mans Judge-
ment, may serve in some sort to
clear his Notions, or at least en-
tertain his Passe-times; which
as it is not a work of much mo-
ment, so I am confident, it is as
useful as many larger Volumes
which have been published in
our Age so fertile of abortive
Births

THE TABLE.

I. Of Favour and Eminency in Court or State. 1

II. Of faithfull Ministers to unthankefull Princes, 8

III. Of Fame, 18

IV. Of Reputation, 21

V. Of Valour in Princes, 26

VI. Of History, 38

VII. Of Education, 51

VIII. Of Travelling, and the qualifications unto it, 66

IX. Of Religious Fear, 75

X. Of Church Discipline, 82

XI. Of Cælibacy, or single Life, 88

XII. Of Duties Matrimonial, and Conjugall Love, 92

XIII. Of Flattery, 99

XIV. *Of Beauty,* 106
XV. *Of Craft,* 111
XVI. *Of Kindneſs, Courteſie, and Civility,* 116
XVII. *Of Youth and Old Age,* 119
XVIII. *Of Honour,* 124
XIX. *Of Learning,* 127
XX. *Of Peace,* 131
XXI. *Of Conſcience,* 134
XXII. *Of Frugality,* 136
XXIII. *Of Active, and Paſſive Valour,* 140
XXIV. *Of Clemency,* 144
XXV. *Of Magnanimity,* 168
XXVI. *Taciturnity,* 173
XXVII. *Of Temperance,* 177
XXVIII. *Of Gratitude,* 182

ERRATA.

ERRATA.

Fol. 24. l. 12. for expert, read exposed. l. 12. may disband. f. 29. l. 1, 2. r. expected. f. 34. l. 18. r. siege of Pavie. f. 70. l. 20. for, in France, r. in Trance f. 106. l. 8. For, rather then augment, r. rather augment. f. 165. l. 10. for, being such as, r. such as. f. 169. l. 16. for persecutes, r. prosecutes. f. 181. l. 16. for dare not affirm, r. dare affirm.

I.

Of Favour and Eminency in Court or State.

HE that stands by, and observes the supple Addresses, and sedulous applications of the Court, how greedily wise men sell their liberties, and sacrifice their time unto it, with what patience they undergoe attendance, more grievous then pilgrimage, must needs imagine that to be a sacred mystery, which deserves such superstitions; nor can he expect lesse than the Philosophers stone, where he sees so many furnaces set on work, and such rare Alchymists engaged.

He that marks the pomp and splendor of eminent men, the solemnity of their visits, the exactnesse of their ceremonies, and lustre of their Equipage, cannot but be enamoured of so rare a scene, wherein each person acts a part of greatnesse, and every day seems to be festival.

He that examines the Grandeurs of *Mœcenas*, the lofty flights of Favourites and chief Ministers; how they manage the reins of the Common-wealth, whilst Princes only sit in the saddle; how they give Laws to the people, signals to the souldiers, example to all; how all their vertues are magnified and multiplied, and even their errours with veneration concealed, with what ease they trample upon their adversaries, and preferre all their dependants, how can hee refrain from drawing at so fair a Lottery, or escape those delicious charms, which would almost delude a Stoick, to mistake them for his *summum bonum*.

But, alas, these are only outsides, to amuse the ignorant, these stately scutcheons serve but to hide a dead corpse, and these excellent odours to perfume a sepulchre:

pluchre: The factions wherewith every Court and State is perpetually pregnant, The Envy and Emulation, which though not so loud, is yet perhaps fiercer then open war; The spies, which (like Eunuchs) are set upon all mens actions, and behaviours, to observe and report them to jealous Powers; The keen and pestilent slanders and censures, by which even innocency is ensnared, or at best, perpetually alarmed, These are not presently discovered, and indeed, fit it were, they should be concealed, lest we avoid Courts as persons in debt do prisons, and dread greatnesse like infection.

It falls not within the compasse of every ones notice to observe how Grandees make a prey of inferiours, like fry in a fish-pond; and how the inferiours again, though emulating each other, yet with a secret spleen conspire unanimously against the Favourite, like little beagles to pursue the Royal Stagge.

All are not sensible of the slippery estate of great men; with what slender props those magnificent structures are

ted. How brittle and fungous their greatneſſe is, they being expoſed, beſides infinite other uncertainties, even to the ſociety of their maſters, who commonly delight in nothing more, than by changing their Minions and ſervants, to exerciſe the wantonneſſe of Soveraignty; were but this duly conſidered, I am perſwaded men would rather content themſelves with the freehold of a Cottage, than graſp at Palaces, where they are but tenants at will.

Few have the wiſdome to foreſee, how hard it is in greatneſſe to purſue honeſt, and ſafe maximes, what reſolution is required for the Potent to be innocent, what Providence to bee ſo accounted; what ſordid intereſts they are forced to eſpouſe, and by what inſenſible degrees they are brought at laſt to ſwallow thoſe actions and compliances, without chewing, which at firſt, they looked upon with loathing; But alas, proceed they muſt, and in their ſtations apply themſelves to ſerve the deſigns of their maſters, for Princes will not endure that their Miniſters ſhall diſpute

their

their pleasures. When it was propoſed by *Henry* the third of *France*, to *Grillon* Captain of his Guard, that he, as the fitteſt inſtrument, ſhould diſpatch the Duke of *Guiſe*, the honeſt, but blunt ſouldier freely profeſt, that he was ready, if commanded, to fight with the Duke; But to murther him unconvicted, would not ſtand with his honour, being born a Gentleman, and profeſſing Arms; which anſwer coming from one that was a ſworn enemy to the intereſts of the houſe of *Lorrain*, deſerves to be recorded to his everlaſting praiſe; Yet though *Grillon*, that refuſed, was the worthier man, *Legnac*, who greedily accepted the employment, ſeems to have been the wiſer Courtier; The one, expoſing himſelf to all the hazards of miſconſtrued vertue, the other, endearing himſelf to his Prince, by the pledges of guilt and odium, the greateſt engagements of future confidence. For it was obſerved of *Seianus*, that his favour could not be purchaſed without ſome notable crime. If this were ſufficiently weighed, ſuch, I preſume, as love ver-

tue, would not so precipitate themselves into publique affairs, where interest is seldome preserved without a shipwrack of conscience.

But besides, as the snares, hazards, and anxieties of great men are innumerable, so their Eclipses are fatal, and their falls desperate; They are always surprised with ruine, and their defeat is like that of Legions, when they are cut in pieces before they can rally or make head. Private men oft times fall upon their legs, and finde friends to relieve, or at least pity them. Even Bankrout Merchants are daily seen to rise again, like Phœnixes out of their own dust: But with Courtiers and Statesmen, there are no degrees of misfortune; Their best comfort is not to survive their destinies, and their greatest misery is, when they outlive themselves, to see their families buried in their ruines, and all the advantages of their honour and fortune, turned against them, like an Army dissipated with the fury of its own Canon. Whilst they finde themselves forsaken of all those alliances which they

they had, with so much wisdome, contracted, imagining to have laid a foundation of everlasting greatnesse, whilst their best friends shun them most, and those that were rais'd by their countenance, dare not own any love or honour to their persons, lest they be likewise involved in their crimes; whilst their innocency is as it were proscribed, and impeachments finde such favour in their regard, that their own servants are encouraged to betray them; Their enemies triumph over them, and all their contemporaries think to exercise their charity in affording them a kind of insolent pity; The people which probably hated, but feared them before, are now priviledged to curse them, and the Prince himself, in whose service perhaps they bleed, uses them as the skreen of envy, and hoping with their ruine to gratifie many, and please all, becomes inexorable.

In fine, they have no sanctuary to protect them, having long since forfeited their innocency, the sweet retreat of oppressed vertue: Were our gay spirits

herein awakened, they would not so court danger as they daily do, but would rather learn to hugge themselves in a mediocrity of fortune.

II. *Of faithful Ministers to unthankful Princes.*

IT is no new thing to see the greatest vertue and merit mis-construed, and persecuted, even by those that owe it most favour and protection. History is full both of the fatal rewards of worthy services, and tragical resentments of oppressed innocency. Even *Henry* the fourth of *France*, notwithstanding the absoluteness of his power, and clearness of his fame, was observed hardly to brook any, that might seem to share with him in his Lawrels; The piety and wisdome of King *David* himself seems to be scarce exempt from such jealousie in the behalf of his kinsman *Joab*, though covered with the specious

seasonable pretence of a Royal and exemplary Justice.

Whether it be, that excesse of desert turns at last to a kind of demerit, whilst Princes apprehend, that they cannot sufficiently requite it without impoverishing themselves; Or whether soveraigns are apt to look upon the lustre of their subjects actions, as an Eclipse of their own; Or lastly, whether they think their Authority endangered by those whose eminent Vertues have drawn the eyes of the people, or hearts of the souldiers towards them, so that nothing seems to restrain them, but their modesty, which in the great, is ever justly suspected; It is indeed but too evident, that Monarchs more willingly pardon great injuries, than great services; That they as ill endure the name of a Benefactour, as of a Rival; And by the example of *Galba*, can least of all brook such as may seem to challenge the merit of their establishment. He seems too potent a subject that hath trod upon a diademe, and possibly he that hath once renounced a kingdome, may yet upon se-

cond thoughts repent of his moderation.

Machiavel could invent but two sorts of remedies for so imminent a mischief; The first and more excellent, hee saith, is to yield to the torrent, by assuming no honours, arrogating no triumphs, entertaining small retinue; Finally, by taking all occasions to sleight their own atchievements, that so all glory may flow to the Prince, as to its Ocean, without the interruption of Mils or Dams; But since Vertue being the disease, Loyalty seldom proves the cure: His next and safer counsel is, not to trust too much to innocency, merit, or present appearances, but to be as jealous as their masters, like Ravens, to smell Gun-pouder at a distance, to lie perdieu for their own safety; And upon the first discovery, to be before-hand with danger, to make use of the utmost advantages they are trusted with, to assure themselves of timely retreats and confederacies, that preventing fraud with fraud, and repelling force with force, they may be in a condition not only to stand upon their guards,

guards, but take revenge of their masters ingratitude, and perhaps if need be, set up for themselves.

Truly, if we look upon the Counsel of this great Politick with the eyes of nature, above all things concerned in its own welfare, it seems to be a friendly whisper, an admonition full of prudence, and favourable to vertue; it teaches men to determine resolutely of their affairs, to cut off parboyled fear, and frozen delays, to hope even in despair, and to prevent preventions. Thus we read of *Getulicus*, that warned through the numerous examples of his masters rigor, by a kind of prudent disloialty, he secured himself, and of all *Seianus* his dependents, alone survived so bloudy a scene. Thus *Agrippina*, observing a change in the countenance of *Claudius* towards her, scarce thought her self alive till he was dead.

Surely such unworthy practices are a foul reproach even to moral vertue, much more an infinite scandal to Religion, especially Christian, with the bare profession whereof they cannot consist.

consist. *Germanicus*, albeit a Heathen, was a better proficient in true wisdome, who being at once exasperated by the undeserved malice of his Uncle, and tempted both by the loud applause of the people, and entire obedience of the Legions, yet chose rather to expect the Empire with danger, than with safety to possesse it, and preferred the envy of vertue before the security of a crime.

But what shall we think of great *Belisarius*, disgraced, deprived not onely of liberty, but even of light, without conviction of the least crime, even by that great Law-giver *Justinian*, whom his single vertue had rendred almost as great a Conquerour as *Julius Cæsar*? What shall we say of the great Captain *Gonsalvo*, for feigned crimes in default of real, neglected and ruined by the same *Ferdinand*, the foundation of whose greatnesse was laid in his sweat and valour, not to say, his overmuch Loyalty, which tempted him even to break his faith for the service of his Prince? Or what shall we account of the Duke of *Alva*, who though he found feet to trample

trample upon the weakneſſe of unhappy *Flemmings*, yet had not a heel to lift up againſt the juſt power of an unjuſt maſter? What ſhall we think of theſe and many others, that have choſen rather to be innocent, than great or ſafe? Shall we believe they wanted either wiſdome to diſcover, or courage to reſent the cruelty of their Soveraigns? Or, ſhall we not diſtinguiſh their integrity, even with rubrical Characters, from the treaſons and inſolencies of *Sylla*, *Catiline*, *Narſes*, *Bourbon*, *Guiſe*, *Walleſtein*, &c. who ſuffered themſelves to be enforced by odious neceſſity, inveigled with wicked caution, or with treacherous opportunity debauched.

III. *Of Fame.*

THough the Stoicks are to be much commended for their excellent Ideas of Vertue, their generous contempt of the body, and indifference in outward things, yet they ſeem with too much oſtentation

oſtentation to undervalue Fame, even decrying vanity with a kind of vain-glory. Certainly there is no reaſon why Vertue ſhould altogether ſleight its own eccho, or ſuch as profeſſe the ſtudy of Immortality, deſpiſe that, which in ſurviving its ſubject, and outrunning time, hath at leaſt ſome feature of Immortality.

It ſeems rather an heroical device of that noble *Brederode*, who lived at the beginning of the Low-Country warre, and worthy to be added to the dignity and antiquity of his coat of Arms, *God preſerve my ſoul and my honour*; it expreſſed a lively endearment of his renown, ſince he thought it only worthy to bee mentioned with eternal happineſſe; it proved, that he had Vertue in the higheſt veneration, ſince he ſtooped even to kiſſe the hem of her garment.

I confeſſe, where Fame and Vertue are inconſiſtent, we are obliged, as it were, to ſave the Veſſel from ſhipwrack, by lightning the fraught; But this is he ſevereſt touch-ſtone of Philoſophy, neither hath conſcience a worthier ſervant than he, who is content to eſpouſe

espouse her, even with Infamy.

The Scriptures are so elegant in describing the infamy of the wicked, as if they meant to aggravate it beyond any earthly misery, so establishing it, as a kind of unfeigned Purgatory between this world and hell, by these and the like Characters, the memory of sinners shall rot; And again, in the next generation, let his name be extinct; from the latter of which places it is observable, that they then immediatly proceed to blot that name out of the Book of life which they have first raced out of the Register of Fame.

And yet methinks, though Fame may bee desired as a concomitant of more important blessings, surely of it self, as Fame, it seems neither odious nor amiable, but the most indifferent of outward things: When I read the last scene and final *exit* of *Anthony* of *Vendosme*, King of *Navarre*, who being mortally wounded at the assault of *Rouen*, by him, with infinite fury and bloudshed, then taken & sacked, refused the ease and decency of a horse-litter to view his

lamen-

lamentable Conquest in a posture of triumph, and with this silly, or rather barbarous satisfaction, immediately breathed out his benummed and inconsiderate soul. I would fain imagine him already senselesse, and so not guilty of such sinful Pageantry: But, alas, how many are there, who in the midst of guilt and reproach, to gratifie their childish consciences, can listen to the rattle of applause? nay, how many are they, that to purchase popularity, have sold their peace both outward and inward, like that other French-man, who freely hazarded and lost his life, to recover his feather. Vertuous fame, I confesse, may be honestly wished, but to gape for it, is a beggarly and sottish ambition: For as it is no more than worth finding, so it is utterly lost with over-seeking. Both Vertue therefore, and Prudence, require that our pursute of it be moderate and careless, like his that rides a hunting to take the air; if he spring and catch a Partridge, it is well, but though he misse of Game, hee hath yet obtained his end, which was the

exercise

exercise of his body, and preservation of his health.

Truly we shall finde the lesse encouragement to court this seeming beauty, when we consider how light and prostitute she is, and with how little choice she admits her Gallants; All persons and actions that are good or great, are promiscuously entertained, yet the great much rather than the good: Vertues she registers indeed in *Quarto*, but splendid crimes are recorded in *Folio*; Nay, if we remember how corrupt and injurious she often proves (as being prompted by successe) in loading oppressed Justice with Invectives, and dawbing prosperous Vices with Panegyricks, we may perhaps be rather tempted to disdain than bare neglect.

Wherefore the motives which encline wise men to value their fame, are not those shadows and dreams of an earthly immortality, nor yet the transportations of affected honour, (for Vertue is no sensual or tickliſh quality) but the real advantage it yields of improving their generous designs to publick benefit.

They

They finde that the Infamous are to ſome like infected perſons and lepers, whom common Providence commands us to ſhun, to others like light women, whoſe company the aw of cenſure obliges us not to frequent, and to all, like ſuch as diſgracefully ſtammer or ſquint, whom we hear with impatience, and ſee with as much averſation, as we doe an Eclipſe, which by tradition we believe to hurt the eye-ſight; that there is neither vigour in their precepts, nor vertue in their examples; ſince the merit of their vertues being ſwallowed up in the ſcandal of their evil manners, they ſeem to put on the odious vizard of hypocriſie, and to do well, in them, at beſt, is imputed but to an eſcape of Cuſtom. They ſee that even obſcure perſons where they might perhaps ſpeak with advantage, yield rather to the modeſty of ſecure and harmleſſe ſilence. Again they obſerve, that ſuch as have once purchaſed an undoubted fame, are afterwards heard like Oratours, and obeyed like Magiſtrates; ſo that the only danger is, leſt their Errours ſhould get the reputa-

tion of an axiome, and their Imperfections passe for current Vertue; As King *Alphonsus* of *Arragon*, being naturally wry-necked, soon begat in his Courtiers a general affectation of the Princes posture; That their discourses seem Apothegmes, and their manners are cited like the purity of Primitive practice; Finally, that upon their reproofs, not only private amendments, but publick reformations ensue. Great reason therefore they conceive to endear and vindicate their fame, the aid whereof doth so much further, and the want obstruct the design of Vertue.

And yet perhaps those that are perfect in Philosophy, may seem so much already to have surmounted fame, that they no longer need it, having cimented and incorporated it with their manners: However, to Novices it is a necessary incentive and guide; these like coals, not yet sufficiently kindled, must be blown with bellows, and like young swimmers upheld, though with a bladder; To such it is like the Drum or Trumpet to raw souldiers, or the Reveille

veille to lazy Centinels. They use it as marks-men do their Aims; nay, they swallow it as hungry Fishes doe fresh worms. Neither ought we to discourage or despise the hopes of such auspicious, though tender plants; For albeit the Learned indeed determine that Vertue can have no worthy End without her self; yet surely these are *Lucumina Philosophiæ*, rather to be wished than expected; Like imaginary lines described to signifie the fantastick motions of heavenly Orbs; or the Element of fire, imagined to subsist without fuel.

Should we confine our Vertue to these narrow limits, we must at once dash out the names of all those Worthies, whom glory hath inflamed, or emulation provoked; and then let us consider how thin the Register of fame would be; It would be hard to name any splendid action, especially amongst Heathens, wherein Honour did not give the Biasse. To conclude, though Vertue cannot be too much exalted, yet being thus abstracted, it is in

danger

danger to resolve into meer Metaphysicks.

IV. *Of Reputation.*

AS upright and good men ought not to contemn their fame, so neither should the wise and eminent neglect their Reputation, there being nothing more available to the greatest persons in their greatest actions, than to ride in its triumphal Chariot; wholly to steer by it, is perhaps beneath them, but to carry it along with them, is but to sail with Wind and Tide, and should be, if not their study, yet their care, at least to keep it always in their view, as a Sea-man doth his Compasse. For as Arts and Sciences have certain *simulachra* or shadows, which though in themselves suppositious & feigned, yet serve to real purposes, and help to demonstrate excellent Truths; so in Policy it self, the trifle called Reputation, though but a blast of the peoples breath, prove,

proves sometimes so considerable, that scarce any Art or Conduct can supply its defect; Wisdome therefore which weighs all things in the scale of Advantage, will not so undervalue it, because it is vain, as not to cherish it, since it is useful.

It is observable of mony it self, the price of all things, that it was invented only for supply of Credit, ease of Commerce, and abridgement of tedious barter; that it is only valued for being every where current: And indeed, since a very slender fortune would perhaps satisfie nature and ordinary convenience, Poverty it self were not poor if it were not attended with obscurity and neglect; neither can a wise man finde other advantage in wealth, than to afford him the wing of Reputation.

Reputation is (as it were) sinews to the weak, and eloquence to the dumb; It removes obstructions, and answers objections before they are made; Harbingers are not more necessary to Accommodate the Great, nor Pioneers to the Marches of Armies in enclosed Countries;

Countries; It is the right hand of Action.

To passe by Merchants, who in a manner breath no other Air, than that of their Credit; I appeal on the one side to all the principal Actors on the Scene of this world, if it have not afforded them successe without hazard or difficulty; If it have not yielded them advantage beyond hope or fore-sight; If it have not been to them like a portable Bridge, or as a Bridge of Boats lying always ready to transport them over Rivers strongly guarded, and no where Fordable; On the other side, I ask the unfortunate, and such as have shipwrackt in their honours, if the want of it doe not oft oppresse them beyond any weaknesse of their own, or strength of their enemies.

In the affairs of war, how oft have we seen the wariest Generals rather choose to precipitate themselves upon the Rock of unequal hope, than languish in a posture of inglorious safety, yea, though they naturally feared and abhorred the Critical events of battel,

as discreet men do great game at Dice yet left by declining the Combat, should appear they were not able to protect their party, they have easily complied with the necessity of hazarding the sum of their affairs, to maintain the Reputation of their Arms. Neither commonly are they lesse jealous of personal honour, from which they must draw the very breath of their fortune; for it being once eclipsed, they are expert, that every blast of ill success should disband their Troops, which having little confidence or aw of their General, are only cemented by society and example; Upon which account *Katherine de Medicis*, perhaps wisely granted large terms to the Protestants after the death of the Constable and Duke of *Guise*; Since though they wanted not Captains of equal wisdom and experience, yet they found not any of Reputation sufficient to beget a universal and unquestionable obedience.

Again, how frequently may we observe Commanders, great indeed in courage, but little or not over-much fa-

voured by fortune; as *Eumenes*, *Sertorius*, and even *Marius* himself among the Ancients; In latter times, *Peter Strozzi*, the Admiral of *Chastillon*, *William* Prince of *Orange*, *Francis* the first, *Henry* the Great of *France*, and others, who having, even in the dissipation of their Armies, preserved the entireness of their names, have suddenly arrested the precipice of their fortunes, and revived their withered Laurels, nay, some of them have at last built as it were one goodly Vessel, with the floating planks of many shipwracks.

Neither is Reputation more necessary in Camps, then in Courts and Councels; nay perhaps, Armies being still alarmed by the common enemy, preserved by one common interest, diverted with continual action or duty, and tamed with Martial Discipline, swell not with such constant billows, nor seem so much to want the government of an eminent Pilot; Whereas in States, the approaches of faction are so strong, the Mines so subtile, and breaches so faultable, that to prevent or curb the insolency of Con-

ſpiratours, Wiſdome, Valour, and even Majeſty, have ſometimes proved too weak, without the ſeaſonable ſupport of Reputation, which being the *Atlas* of Authority, hath a predominancy above power it ſelf, and can like *Tiberius*, ſteer a Senate with its eye.

Upon it depends the very eſſence of Magiſtracy, ſince it is moſt certain, That the Scepters of Princes wax and wane with their honours, and that ſcandall or contempt hath ſtill made way for their ruines, and in it conſiſts the vigour and luſtre of great atchievements, for through its influence, *Cæſar*, like a Baſilisk, could kill his adverſaries with his meer looks, and *Germanicus* reduce his revolting Legions with a bare harangue.

Of Valour in Princes.

IT is clear, that Reputation highly conduces to the ſafety and luſtre of

a

a Crown; That it delivers Princes from the perpetual thraldome & nonage of factious times, which (to use the Language of *Lewis* the eleventh) keeps them in their Pages Trunks, even after they have beards; That it renders them of Kings at the mercy of others, Lords at their own discretion. But this Reputation is not easily nor presently acquired; For though we finde among the *Romans Lucullus*, and in latter ages, the Marquesse *Spinola*, who through maturity of Judgement, and vast Theory, became Generals as soon as souldiers, therein imitating Princes, whose Prerogative it is to be born Leaders of Armies, yet others must expect to ascend the steep Mount of honour by many and difficult steps; Nay, Soveraigns themselves, if they will, indeed, raise a lofty Reputation, must first lay their foundation in honest Fame, and beginning with the early and diligent practice of private Vertues, orderly proceed at last to signalize themselves by publick atchievments.

To be great in Authority, they must

firſt be great in Vertue: They muſt be vigilant and induſtrious, for greatneſſe is the Captive of diligence; They muſt be patient and conſtant, that they prove not the Pageants of Fortune; They muſt be temperate, and of proof both againſt Luxury and Paſſion, for ſuch as will indeed conquer, muſt firſt practiſe upon themſelves.

But truly, of all heroick habits, there is none that ſwels ſo big and ſuddenly with Reputation, as Valour; Whether it be, becauſe it acts upon a more open Scene, and produces more immediate and viſible effects; Or rather, becauſe our ſervile and unthankful natures are apt to be more deeply affected with terrible then favourable objects; for even thoſe that would trample upon the meekneſſe of *Henry* the ſixth, will crouch to the roughneſſe of *Henry* the eighth.

It was a wiſe reflection, even beyond the years of *Charls* the ninth, who upon his death-bed expreſſed full ſatisfaction, That he left a brother to ſucceed him, from the Reputation of whoſe approved

proved manhood, much might be expreſſed to allay the tumors of a diſtempered State, rather then any cradle of his own, whoſe non-age and impotency would certainly revive and imbolden factions; But the event anſwered not the prudence and merit of his hopes; for that brother imagining that he had already ſupererogated and got the ſtart of honour in his youth, fancied, that to continue ſtill in Armour, was but the life of a Tortoiſe enchaſſed in his ſhell, and thought it was now high time to eaſe his ſhoulders from the weight of a Cuiraſſe: In fine, became as unſatiable in Luxury, as he had once been greedy of Conqueſt; whereby he fell into the contempt and rivalry of his ſubjects, who thinking that eaſe had melted and ſoftned him to a gelly, and miſtaking his ſloth for a deep Lethargy, had learned to undervalue that man, whoſe childhood they had feared, and were by his long patience encouraged to accumulate their injuries, till, at laſt, deſpair extorted from him a reſentment, pernicious firſt to his enemies, but at laſt to himſelf.

In ancient times. Kings were nothing elſe but Crowned Captains; Their Laurels were their Diadems, and their Swords their Scepters; They accounted the danger of their lives a ſmall hazzard, and only reliſhed that Soveraignty which they had themſelves atchieved, like Veniſon of their own hunting; By ſuch vigorous policies, they exalted their Thrones above the reach of creeping faction, which delights rather in cheats and theifts then brave robberies, and commonly aims no higher then Burglary; The only Seditions they feared, were the mutinies and revolts of their Legions, when they wanted Pay, or diſliked their Winter Quarters.

But in latter ages, policy varying, or rather manhood declining, Majeſty hath left the field, and betaken it ſelf to Gariſon; It dwels no longer in Tents, but in Courts and Cabinets; Princes, they ſay, muſt not now appear in Armour, leſt they hazzard that Reputation which indeed they never had; It ſeems more honourable for them to act by their Lieu-

Lieutenants, I wish it prove as safe and prosperous; *Philip* the second could fill *Europe* with the noise and terrour of his vast Expeditions, himself scarce budging from *Madrid*, but he conquered accordingly, and his Victories were but like the encroachments of the Sea, which what it gains in one place, is observed to lose in another. Certainly there is odds on *Cyrus* and *Alexanders* side against *Crœsus* and *Darius*; Neither is it easie to secure the tame Authority of *Chilperick* from the aspiring genius of *Charles Martel*.

This eminent advantage redounds to Princes by their continual presence in the Camp, That into some it infuseth glory, to others it insinuates shame; It affects all with emulation; That it secures them from Competitours in honor, and forestals the treacherous hopes of ambition; Lastly, that it teaches enemies to despair of any but dear and bloudy Victory: for if the *Romans* accounted that Town or Fortresse in a manner won, upon the walls whereof they had once planted a standard, knowing that

the ſouldiers would not deſiſt from their beloved Eagles; How much more invincible muſt their courage be, that fight in view of Soveraigns, who undergoing equal hazzards, ſtand ready to reward their merit, or puniſh their cowardiſe? Nay, their bare countenance is, to generous ſpirits, an ornament above any recompence, and their meer neglect a terrour beyond the ſentence of a Court Martial.

The ſoveraign uſe of Princely Valour is to chain and muzzle the fierceneſſe of ſuch as, reſembling Bears and other beaſts of prey, know no reſtraint of miſchief, but their impotency, to be like a fiery bit in their mouths, whom the gentle Snaffold of Authority cannot hold; It either is or ſhould be but juſtice in a larger Volume and bigger Character, differing from it not *re*, but *modo & gradu*. Truly it is but an hard-favoured, rugged, and un-courtly Vertue, deſtitute of all thoſe graces and charms which are wont to captivate our affections; Its face is fuller of skars, then old age of wrinkles, and its preſence like the ſurpriſal

priſal of Ghoſts and Hobgoblings; its voice is as the ſound of Thunder; doleful cries and confuſed noiſes are but its whiſpers; its ambergreece is dirt and ſweat; its perfumes are Gun-powder and Carrion.

And yet in the midſt of theſe determents it hath likewiſe certain ſubtil enchantments, by which it attracts even love; Thoſe that would fain accuſe, are by a ſecret influence compelled to flatter it; ſo that it is become more popular, then Faction or Liberty it ſelf. It is indeed a kind of general Vertue, with its luſtre ſupplying the obſcurity of many others, and quitting enormous Vices: For it hath been obſerved, that valiant Princes, be their private manners or publick governments never ſo obnoxious, yet at worſt, eſcape univerſal obloquy.

And whereas the extreams of other Vertues in ſtead of improving their kindes, degenerate, only Raſhneſs, which is but the tranſportation and frenzy of the Valiant, if it be not ſecure from blame, is ſafe from reproach, and ſubject to be no otherwiſe diſcommended,

than the beſt and livelieſt parts in Comedies, when they are over-acted in tone or geſture. Whilſt it is fortunate, it is Canonized by the Vulgar, and even wiſe men put on their ſpectacles to diſcern it from its Vertue: Victory in its trouzes becomes a Giant, and men are as much taken with its real exploits, as children with the tales of *Garagantua* and *Bevis*: But if it ſink with the weight of its enterpriſes, it is yet by ſome excuſed, by others pardoned, generally pitied; and ſince it ſeldome ſurvives its misfortune, it hath a ſtately Funeral, and Princely Dirges.

Moſt remarkable it is, that when *Francis* the firſt was defeated and taken priſoner at the ſiege of *Paris*, by him begun with more confidence than counſel, and continued with greater obſtinacy than wiſdome; yet in regard he had acquitted himſelf like a courageous Prince, many of his chiefeſt Gentlemen that eſcaped the ſlaughter, enamoured with the beauty of ſo glorious a Captivity, though they might have fled, choſe rather to go with their Prince to *Madrid*,

drid, than return with their liberty to *Paris*, willingly mistaking his prison for a flourishing Court: I commend not their Prudence; to languish with him was but a silly Relief, a treacherous Loialty to seal his Captivity with their own; neither do I allow of their magnanimity, for the truly stout only lament their losses in repairing them; But I admire their Devotion to Majestick Valour, in real duty exceeding the affectation of fond Lovers.

It is therefore great wisdome in Princes to build their Authority upon their Valour, as being a firm and popular Basis, the freshest and most fragrant flower in their Garlands: Only they should consider, that rashnesse is but Alchymy, and hath none but Vulgar and Imaginary honour, as loathsome as Knight Errandry. That as it produces sometimes the most notable Effects, so it often meets with signal and fatal Affronts, yet with this scandalous difference, that it seems to owe its atchievements to Fortune, its miscarriages to Desert.

Upon

Upon the account of this giddy Vertue it was, that *Henry* the Great of *France* went oftimes himself upon the Forlorn Hop: To speak in the Duke of *Parmas* Language, he could not content himself with the Dignity of a King and General, but affected and usurped the Office of a Scout-master, and a Captain of Light Horse, giving the arrogancy of the *Spaniards* subject to scoff at him, and say, He did them much Honour in comming to view the Order of their Army, that he might learn how to range his own; He should rather have remembred that notable Epigram of his Predecessour, It is high time, said he, to quit this dangerous Post, and no longer upon these unequal terms to stake a double *Henry* against a *Carolus*.

Princes therefore may learn to bee good husbands of their Valour, to reserve it only for honourable and important Action, to avoid the cheapnesse of picqueering, and making a little war, like the *Tories* and *Bandits*; Unless they desire to imitate the fierce

fierce and ill-tempered youth of *Sebastian* of *Portugal*, who observing a tempest, would usually put to Sea in a Shallop, that he might seem to daunt the Elements, and shew himself unconcerned, when even the Mariners themselves were afraid. Whilst they needlessly engage themselves amongst swords and shot, if they enhaunce the reputation of their courage, yet they wound the fame of their wisdome; nay, they seem Valiant rather out of ignorance, than contempt of danger, and perhaps resemble (as extreams are apt to meet) the distressed Valour of a Coward, who is said to wink and fight. But if arguments from nature and discretion will not yet convince them, let them at least consider, that in their untimely deaths, all the designs of their projected greatnesse commonly vanish, their Garlands presently wither, their enemies insult, their heirs are oft exposed to a dangerous non-age, and their Countries to a kind of *Interregnum*; For wise and vertuous Governours are the happy Intelligences of the world, and the persons

ſons of excellent Princes are the precious ſtakes of Common-wealths.

VI. *Of Hiſtory.*

WE are not ſufficiently ſenſible how much we owe to the Hiſtorian, who having no other end then the good of mankind, and innocent fame, hath by his noble induſtry furniſhed us with ſo many lively patterns of heroick Vertues, like baits to allure us, and with ſuch eminent examples of Gods Juſtice, like Sea-marks to warn us; hath beſtrid the Tombs of our Anceſtours, and reſcued their names from Oblivion and Duſt; hath exalted flitting time to a kind of immortality, and digeſted barbarous Tradition into uſeful Knowledge.

There

There is not a greater Benefactour to true Knowledge, then the Historian, who doth not amuse us with Airy Notions, or feed us with tearms of Art, but directs us to the study of Men and Manners, affording us a Looking-glasse for our Actions to dresse them by, and enabling us to finde that wisdome in Books, which else perhaps we must purchase of dear Experience. Wee will therefore call a Historian Vertues Secretary, or the Worlds Recorder, and History it self we will define to be the Art or Faculty of Recording and Describing human Actions and Affairs, with discreet Choice, with clear Integrity and perfect Knowledge.

First, with discreet Choice; for there must be in History a certain Prudence to discern what Actions or Affairs deserve Recording, wherein the information and instruction of the Reader is to bee our Aim and Compasse. It should not be like an abrupt *Gazette*, or Sea-mans Journal, it should not give way to the endlesse impertinency of relating common accidents in nature, the fondnesse

of

of marking idle Propheeies, and childish Omens, nor the superstition of observing Critical Events, or raising a grave and moral descant from a silly plainsong, these being the weeds that choak many of our fruitfullest Histories. And therefore here in we should imitate his Wisdome, (*Tacitus Annal. l.* 3.) that determined to passe by all such actions as were not notable either for Honesty or Infamy, as knowing the end of writing Histories to be, That our Vertues may survive our Persons; and that wicked men may stand in some aw, if not of present times, yet of posterity, especially the great and eminent, who perhaps might use History in stead of Astrology, to read their own Fortunes.

2. With clear Integrity; For a Historian ought, of all men, to be sincere and unbyass'd, since his works are designed for future Ages, who wanting other means of information, must take his single testimony for undoubted Truth. A little falshood is enough to disguise and leven a large story; and by reason of the Soveraign influence it hath upon

upon human faith, the beſt of moral certainties give Reputation to thoſe Errours which could not hope to receive the like countenance from any preſent Authority. We ſee in matters of Religion, Errours have not ſo ſure a Buckler as the corruption of Eccleſiaſtical ſtory, for Hereſie dreads the name of Innovation, but triumphs, if it have but colour, to vie Antiquity with Truth; Neither will Schiſm value to be cut off from the preſent Church, whilſt it may pretend and boaſt its conformity with Primitive times. Hiſtorians therefore ſhould be men of ſuch preſumed ſincerity, that their bare aſſumptions may juſtly challenge belief. But, alas, how many of them are bribed into fulſome Panegyricks, awed into ſordid Concealments, or exaſperated into Libellous Invectives? It were not to be endured, if partial ſtory did not, for the moſt part, carry its brand in its fore-head, whereby it paſſes not current without the grain of allowance, and is read with as much prejudice as it was written, to make the ſcales even.

3. Perfect Knowledge; For the vending

vending of Rumour for History, is as bold a cheat as the selling of Copper or Alchymy for fine Silver; And indeed, it is injurious to expect that the Reader should take that for granted, which is but a *non liquet* to the Authour. To Knowledge are opposed Ignorance and Conjecture; Ignorance is an invincible defect, like natural lameness, or a dead palsie; Conjecture is many times but the Crutch of Ignorance, and like an eye of Glasse or Chrystal, yet sometimes it consists in wise Argument, and rational Inference, and so becomes a seasonable supplement to imperfect knowledg. Wherefore, so long as it is probable and weighty, it deserves not to be wholly excluded, though not too frequently admitted.

History, as an Art, requires Method; And as an Art of Registry and Description, it implies a Style: Method consists in perfect Chronology, and in a comely series of relating Affairs in their due time and order, so digesting, and dis-entangling the variety of the matter, that to the Readers eye it may be strait

and

& transparent, rather like a good perspective, then a rude Land-skip. One thing must, like a Harbinger, make way for another; Counsel must precede Resolution, Resolution Action, and Action Event; That there be no precipitating or interfering, and that great and wise Agents be not immediatly brought to handy-stroaks, like Clowns in a Match at Cudgels: This is so necessary, that without it the writing of History is no better then discord in Musick, or the jangling of the Bells. Style consists in the Aptnesse of Connexion, Gravity of Composure, and Care of delivering matters with the same seriousnesse and solemnity wherewith they were acted, free from the Incongruity or Deformity of common talk, the Gaudery of Declamations, and Levity of Romance.

Now if we examine our Historians by these severe limits, we shall scarce finde any so able, so diligent, or indeed so sincere; Since all must write, either of other Times and Countries, or of their own; If of their own, they are in danger

ger to prove, not Historians, but Pensioners, and Male-contents; They either will not or dare not write all truth, or, at least, not all the truth: If of others, they are exposed to so much darkneſſe, and want of fitting materials, as no Wiſdome or Dexterity can ſupply, whilſt they borrow their Truth from Tradition, and their Intelligence from rumour; well may they queſt aloud, but can have no clear ſent at ſo great a diſtance.

But perfection is no where to be found, neither in our Vertues, nor Arts; And therefore if Hiſtorians be charged with Imperfection, they may well anſwer, that their Defects are not greater then thoſe of Philoſophers, School-men, Lawyers, and other famous Profeſſours, who yet paſſe current amongſt us, and look bigge; nay, they may alledge, that they are more exact then their ſubject (the lives and actions of men) deſerves: For in them there is ſuch irregularity of Manners, ſuch ſhifting of Scenes, ſuch interfering of Counſels, ſuch a Chaos of Events, as would

would confound Order, and puzzle even Method it self to dis-entangle them, being fitter matter for Comœdians, then Historians, to be personated, then recorded.

Yet divers excellent Registers time hath produced, who pardoning them the Painters fault, of making the Picture, like indeed, but much fairer and handsomer then the face, may passe for sufficient Authours; And since, where the subject will not bear defining, a description serves the turn, These commendable Writers, *Comparatis comparandis*, deserve to wear the name and badge of Historians.

Of these, *Cornelius Tacitus* seems to lead the Vann, though some have imagined him to differ from a Historian, as descant doth from plain-Song; He recites none but weighty matters, and those weightily; He peirces the Cabinet like Lightning, and where he gives way to Conjecture, he doth it so wisely, that those who could never have made his discoveries, must yet consent to his Reasons: His style is as quick as thought,

thought, and his words not long enough for his matters. 'Tis ſtrange to ſee a Hiſtory ſo truſſed up: His Conceptions keep pace with the myſteries of State, and ſubtilties of Court; nay, it is well, if he obſerve no more then was meant, and make not thoſe times and perſons more politick than they were. To read him underſtandingly, would make an exquiſite States-man, if it did not firſt require a States-man, underſtandingly to read him. I know not whether to prefer, his Annals, or Hiſtories, ſince, in effect, they are both ſhort Annals in brevity of Language, and both in fulneſſe of matter large Hiſtories.

Livy, though not ſo compact, is not of leſſe weight or depth; An Authour as full of Majeſty as the Senate; ſo ample and copious, that to ſuch as have read *Livy*, ſcarce any Hiſtory or Affairs can be new: He delivers the ſtory of times, when Civility and Policy, both the Arts of War, and Laws of Peace, exceedingly flouriſhed. And truly they have loſt nothing by his Recording; If he ſeem a little partial or fond of his ſubject,

ſubject, pardon and impute it to the love of his Country, which indeed abounded with perſons, for Vertue ſo eminent, that ſome degree of flattery ſeems even juſtifiable in their behalf, neither could they be worthily commended, without a kind of Hyperbole.

Ceſars Commentaries are as a Grammar for ſouldiers; With ſo much judgment he gives an account of his own Expeditions, that it were almoſt as eaſie to imitate his Sword as his Pen; with ſuch modeſty and wiſe ingenuity he relates his own great Actions (alwayes ſpeaking in the third perſon) that his Reader findes thoſe Vertues and Abilities in him, which himſelf would ſeem to ſlight and cover, as with a Mask, not willing to be the Trumpetter of his own fame. This is a hiſtory indeed, as pure as the Fountain, nothing of lameneſſe or diſguize in it; for the materials were ſuch as needed no ornament, but only good adjuſtment; and therefore the Authour ſought no other Eloquence, then Simplicity, no beauty, but naked truth, which

was

was ready at his hand, being, without other information, wholly derived from his own breast.

Sallust treads fast upon their heels; His weighty Argument and composed Style resemble a still stream in a deep Chanel, and shew, to what perfection the Art of writing was grown in his Age.

To forget *Plutarch*, were to affront Vertue, his choice of excellent Themes, his Characters of noble persons, whereby he hath even Canonized them, his wise and accurate comparisons of Græcian and Roman Worthies, equallize him with the best Writers. As none that converses with the Stoicks, can continue an Epicure, so neither can any, not void of Ingenuity, read the life of *Cato* in *Plutarch*, without being transformed into that Idea. He that will know much History with little study, let him turn to *Plutarch*.

Florus is so trim an Epitomist, that it is pity he wrote not more, or more largely; For Annals are but Pigmy-Histories, and render us rather not ignorant,

rant, then intelligent; their chief use is, to read them before History, as Preparatives, or after History, as Recapitulations; but the pleasure is more then the profit, they being rather Land-skips, then Mapps.

Amongst modern Authours, *Philip de Commines* is famous; His *Memoires* are so exact, and withall so natural, that it appears, he was a great Agent in the affaires he treats of; Truth and Ingenuity are so much beholden to him, that he seems more tender to them, then to his own honour; for in discovering the policies then used, he makes himself a kind of Interloper, and leaves the Reader to judge, whether he served *Charls* or *Lewis* more faithfully.

The History of the Council of *Trent* cannot be enough extolled, for judgement, learning, and moderation; It is as straight as the flight of Arrows, as transparent as the light: This Authour, whilst he only recites, confutes, and hath the Vigour of a Satyre, without the Spleen or Aggravation; The Pope cannot justly accuse, yet will never absolve him;

for to some persons, nothing is so terrible, or offensive, as truth.

Thuanus is as an *Atlas* of History; so orderly, and withall so large, that his industry and vast intelligence would passe for a miracle, if it did not appear, that where it was needful, he wisely supplied his own defects, by calling in forein ayd.

What *Encomium* can I give to *D' Avila*? who in his notable History of the Civil Warres of *France*, hath done so much right, both to *Italians* and *Frenchmen*; To those by his eminent Ability, to these by his singular exactness and Fidelity; Others find enough to do, in representing the affairs of their own Countries, to dive into forein interests, is indeed a work, which deserves the activity of a Trans-Alpine wit.

I know, I have passed by very many Authours, of no lesse worth, then those I mention; but to treat of them all, were to write a History my self: I once more conclude, we ought to enshrine the memories of such Historians.

VII. Of Education.

AMongst the many miscarriages of our times, there seems not to be any of greater importance, then the errours committed in the Education of Youth; which yet, having taken root by Custom, are hard to be removed. If we understood the value of good Education, what Vices it prevents, what Manners it plants, Parents would not be so indifferent in the discharge of a duty, which imports their Children more, then all the fortunes they can leave them.

There is no nature so fierce, no not that of wild Beasts, but it may be tamed, if endeavoured in Youth; no inclination so violent, but it may be checked, before it take head, and be fortified with habit, all vices being yet as curable, as flesh wounds, whilst they are green; but as we grow old, our faults learn to pre-

prescribe; then if the Parent reproves, he is answered with snarling and resistance, if the friend go to perrwade, he makes himself an enemy. The Ghostly Father hath a fine time to wear out his lungs with invectives. Alas, good precepts work upon well-disposed minds; but a vicious person is a prejudicate Auditor, and hath so sick a palate, that he can relish nothing that is good or wholsom: One early and seasonable reproof shall prevent, what a hundred Sermons cannot reform, When men have contracted so much rust, that they are past all remedies, but the Law, And, indeed, are fitter to be made examples, then hear precepts.

But not to shoot at random, the errours, I observe in our vulgar breeding, are these.

First, I conceive, in outward accomplishments, we study too early and greedily to advance our Youth, and, by such out-sides, they commonly are valued; but, as for just and sober principles, the love of Vertue, and restraints of Conscience, these goodly and fruitful plants we neglect

neglect to cherish in them; Hence it happens, that our best hopes are freedom from enormous vices, and a kind of female vertue; but the foot-steps of that masculine worth, which was in our Ancestors, are even worn out, we have little Nobility left us, save that of the pedigree, neither are the seeds of knowledge so fertile in us, as in many Heathens, who lived by the light of Reason, and principles of Philosophy.

Some indeed there are, that judiciously observe the difference, betwixt a sure foundation, and a curious paper-building, or painted Balconey; but then, perhaps, they either think; by slacking the reigns of Authority, to decoy and flatter their youth into Duty, or else, by an over-austerity, will needs precipitate it into perfection, and cut down tall Vices, like great Trees, with one stroak of the Hatchet, or make Vertues spring, like Mandrakes; both of these are erroneous, for Vertue is the issue of Discipline and Time.

Our Education, in respect of Arts & Professions, seems much like the metho-

dical Travels of the *Germans* in *France*, which they say, consists in riding a certain tour or Circuit. For first, Children are put to school at a venture, where they are exposed to the fury of Pedants, and like Galley-slaves, condemned to the Oar, till dull experience proves them unfit for learning, and perhaps, renders them uncapable of other courses. When they have learned to construe Latine, though possibly, not to understand it, they are either directed to some Trade, wherein that little which they have learned is useless, and soon forgotten; or else they are sent to Universities, Innes of Court, and beyond the Seas, there to surfeit as fatally of liberty, as starved stomacks do of plenty. Thus skipping all degrees & methods of Children, they become men at a stride; And it is well, if they prove not Senators.

I know it is easie sometimes for fools to censure, what the wisest men can hardly reform. And withall I am not ignorant, that much hath been written upon this subject, and by men whose wits and abilities, I dare not so much as

emulate; yet in a matter of so great and publick importance, I hope, I shall not be too severely blamed, if I adventure likewise in a short Essay, to offer some expedients of redress, to those many mischiefs, which proceed from erroneous Education.

First then, as the Husband-man with much observation proves the nature of the soyle, before he resolve what grain he will commit unto it, And as the Architector designes several sorts of wood, for several uses in building: so let not Parents destine their Children to courses, without a diligent scrutiny and examination of their Genius. Like some zealous, or covetous Catholicks, who, before their innocent Daughters know what belongs to a vow, bury them, as it were, alive, in Monasteries. Experience daily teaches us, that such as are not apt for liberal Arts, yet many times prove able Merchants or mechanicks, And those, that would never be spruce Courtiers, prove dogged *Swisses*. An aspiring Genius will contemn mean Professions, airy souls were not designed for sedentary

employments, nor excess of melancholy for action; He may prove an excellent Mathematician, that would never be good Lawyer, for that depends upon the strength of Imagination, this of Reason. Great Logicians are oft times but ill Orators; For the one requires a strong, the other a fine and Courtly wit; some have solid judgement, some vast memory, some excel in elocution, some in dexterity of the Pen, some have quickness of dispatch, some invincible industry. Every Creature is said to have its peculiar vertue, in some kind or other; but the vast bulk of learning, and general abilities, are not to be grasped at, save by such wits, as are almost as rare as the *Phœnix* or *Unicorn*.

Secondly, therefore, let every Genius be directed solely or chiefly to those studies and imployments, to which nature first designed them; for that eye which is intent and fixed, sees clearly, whereas variety of objects dazzles; That water, running in one great Chanel, makes a navigable River, which being divided into little streams, they all prove no better

ter then ditches. I conceive, if this Rule were practised, Youth would not be so routed and defeated in what they undertake, as now they are, whilst they attempt those Arts and Sciences, which are both for quantity too vast, and for quality, improper for them, like Horsemen, commanded forthwith to win passes, and take sconces. Whatsoever the stomack digests not, proves but crudity; and variety of imperfect notions, serves only to puffe men up with arrogance and ostentation, and produces at best but learned ignorance, or confident errours. Whereas by this means, every one would thrive in his way, and the Commonwealth of Learning, which consists in perfect societies of all Arts, would exceedingly flourish. The Jesuites, chiefly by pursuing this wise and accurate method, have advanced literature, enlarged their own fame, and exalted their Colledges, to the envy of all Universities.

Thirdly, let not superficial Ornaments be so much regarded, as solid foundations, and let not the substance be placed in those things, which were

meant only for glosses and shadows. For though all accomplishments may be commended and desired, yet not all equally, nor alike in all: It were methinks, but vain ambition in a Gentleman, that should strive to excel the Dancing-master, in exactness of Dancing, or the Vaulting School, in activity of body; wherein, if by his indefatigable diligence, and long practice, he should arrive at perfection, he were yet in danger, sometimes to resemble *Nero*, descending from the imperial Throne, to play his part in a consort of Musick, and expecting the applause of the people, for his well singing upon the Stage. The *Spartans* were so severe in their Philosophy, that they rejected many of those Arts, which are so precious in our times, as the Cankers of Virtue, and underminers of Liberty, framing mens minds, rather to the pomp of vicious pleasures, then the simplicity of vertuous exercises. Their censure herein may perhaps be too rigid, yet we should remember the debt we owe to publick, and to posterity, and not resemble our *Virginia* Planters, whose poverty forces

them to plant nothing but Tobacco and other Commodities of present vent; we ſhould uſe a more excellent Husbandry, like thoſe that bend their deſignes to ſet up manufactures, to ſettle Trade, to eſtabliſh policy, and turn a Colony into a Common-wealth, by ſuch well-grounded and durable Arts, that future times may reap the benefit of our induſtry. We ſhould therefore prize vertue and innocency in youth, far above all outward Ornaments, and even above learning it ſelf; for a Common-wealth hath much more need of honeſt, then wiſe Citizens, and one good man is worth a Myriade of great wits.

Fourthly, We ſhould endeavour to ſeaſon Youth with Ingenuity, and ſtir up the ſeeds of emulation, that they may no longer act like preſt Souldiers, but Volunteers. That duty may be their delight, and knowledge the ſubject of their pride; incentives far more powerful, than terrour or reſtraint; for what can probably be expected from thoſe that go to ſchool, as if they went to Bridewell, and at beſt, love books no

better

better then a Turn-spit doth his Wheel?

Fifthly, There should be a *North-west* passage found, for the attaining of the Latine Tongue, that we need not use such a tedious ambages, as is, in effect, more barbarous, then the tying of the Horses tail to the Plough; nor instead of a journey, which might be dispatched in few dayes, wander, like the Children of *Israel*, forty years in the Wilderness. For in learning Language, which yet is but the gate or avenue of art & knowledg, we not only lavish our time, but waste that stock of industry, which nature indued us with, for higher and nobler designes; so as being harrassed with this drudgery, we have little vigour left us to attempt Philosophy or humane Learning. And let no man object, that our early years are not capable of such improvements. For why should we doubt, but that Mathematicks, History, and even morality, in some degree, may be insinuated to us very young, since Children are so soon put to make use of Invention, their strongest faculty, and which, indeed, as

yet

yet is but too ſlender and barren? Half that time and diligence which they trifle away in Epiſtles and Themes, (exerciſes, miſerably patched up of childiſh matter, and ſtollen phraſes) would yield another manner of fruit, if it were imployed in tranſlating to and fro, the beſt moral Authours, whereby not onely the Language would ſoon grow familiar, but the ſtile would imprint it ſelf, and perhaps, the ſpirit and Idea remain with them. Neither do I ſee, why they ſhould converſe ſo much with the Poets at that Age, when they read them, with ſo much difficulty, and ſo little reliſh, unleſs there be a deſign, in perplexing the Scholar, to amuſe his Parents, and lengthen the employment. As for *Greek*, though it ſeemes to be in ſome proportion neceſſary to the perfection of the *Latine* Tongue, yet I am ſure, to many that learn it, it is of little uſe, eſpecially being taught as it is, by halves, as if it were learned on purpoſe to be forgotten. Certainly, were the Rules of the *Latine* Tongue diſcreetly abridged, and no other Language ſpoken in publick

Schools,

Schools, it could not require much more time or industry, then the *French* and other Tongues, which commonly cost those that are least pregnant, no more to gain, even the perfect speech of them, then the leasure or passe-time of two or three years.

Sixthly, The learned and able Professors of Arts and Sciences, should endeavour to render them more clear and Mathematical, by vindicating them from many of those uncertainties and intricacies wherewith they are now entangled, that our knowledge be no longer built upon such Hypotheses, as are more easily admitted, then consented to or proved; so that many of our foundations being blown away with one blast of denial, we are as far to seek, as if we had never studied, And being once beaten from *Aristotle*, stand as mute, as an ignorant Catholick would do, if he could be driven from his impregnable Citadel the Church. Why should Scholars in disputation, give such false fire, wrangle about meer notions, and fight with their own shadows? why should Sciences be en-

encumbered with such a throng of distinctions, whereby Sophistry is maintained, and truth concealed, like a true Diamond, in a heap of counterfeit Jewels? why should we acquiesce in Authority, which, though most necessary to Law and Gospel, is the bane of Arts, and *non plus ultra* to knowledge? Some I confess, have very auspiciously begun a Reformation in this behalf; but it is in the embrio, and will require a Colledge of the most learned to finish it; indeed it is almost like the translation of the Bible, work fitter for national Synods, then private men.

Seventhly, Those persons to whose direction and conduct youth is committed, should not be taken at random, but with the same prudence and choice, wherewith we elect our Magistrates or Delegates; their profession should not be made the last refuge of such men, as despair, or are baffled in better preferments, but should be accounted, as indeed it is, most honourable. And they should know, how much, both the present age expects from their Fidelity, and

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future times from their Merits, as well by due regard to their persons, as encouragement of their labours; but, alas, our Age so abounds in loathsom pedantry, that as the contempt of the Calling discourages many worthy men from professing it, so the contemptibleness of the persons, yet brings the Calling into greater contempt.

Lastly, There should not be wanting encouragements and rewards, proportionable to the number and merits of learned and excellent men, And wise Governours should study to distribute them, not by chance, but true desert: The end of planting Nurseries, is seasonably to convert them into Orchards, otherwise the Planter is commonly a loser by them. Where therefore there is no recompence expected, men will rather content themselves with easie and thrifty ignorance, And he will in time be a learned Priest, that hath his breviary by heart. Hence, I fear, it partly happens That such amongst us as have free fortunes, and can live of their own, account themselves as justly exempt from study

and

and ingenious induſtry, as in ſome Countries Gentlemen are from paying Taxes; for all our Vertues are foſtered by neceſſity, or fed with expectation; no knowledge or excellency is without its arrogancy and ambition, which renders it impatient to be hearded with the vulgar, being conſcious of its own deſert. That wiſe Emperour *Charls* the fifth, in his excellent Legacy of politick inſtructions to his Son *Philip*, adviſing him to purchaſe the ſervice of able men, at any rates, tells him, he muſt by all means ſeek them out; for as their Vertue teaches them Modeſty, ſo even that Modeſty hath its Pride, and looks that Preferment ſhould court it. Indeed the want of ſeaſonable and convenient advancements, for great wits and ſpirits, drives them oft times to ſeek it by indirect means, and poſſibly hath been the hidden ſpark, that hath in all ages, kindled notable flames in the world.

VIII. *Of Travelling, and the qualifications unto it.*

I Confess, I am not of the humour of the age I live in, which takes it for granted, that such as travel not, have scarce literal education, so that their lameness can be no way supplied or out-grown. I conceive, Wisdom to be none of those Merchandises, for which we trafick only in far Countries, nor do I take good manners to be of so vast a bulk, that they require the fraught of a Ship or Bark; If change of Climates and Meridians were sufficient alone to produce those excellencies we aim at, what abilities might we not expect in our publick Messengers, and weekly Posts? certainly, there are as wise men, and every way as accomplished, that never forsook their native Countries, as those

those that have traversed the known world.

I rather incline to their Stoical opinion, who believe, that notwithstanding those goodly glosses and appearances, which fond Custom hath put upon this method of breeding, yet the goodness of the fruit scarce answers the fairness of its blossoms, but that, on the contrary, it is the Step-mother of Learning, the Imposture of Vertue, and a vast prodigality of Time; for it is observable of many novices, when they travel, that at best they do but spend their curiosity, in gazing upon sensible Objects, Towns, Palaces, Bridges, and the like, as if they were only sent for silly spies, to view the situation of the Country.

But since the prejudice of times in this behalf is such, that to dispute against it, is in danger to be accounted, rather Heresie then good Philosophy, I will endeavour to offer some preparatives by way of caution, that Youth may travel with more benefit, or lesse mischief.

Let then the grounds of true Religion

be

be first imprinted in early Youth, with such lively Characters, as will not easily be defaced, for Travellers seldom meet with those that catechise them; many objects indeed they shall have to distract, and alienate, but few or none to perswade, or encourage them, in pious duties; so that if they have not a stock to subsist in time of dearth, they may soon perish, being so remote from the nurture of Parents, and destitute of friendly admonitions, in Countries where a different worship being established, they are constrained either to forsake their Religion, or forget their piety.

Let them have civil and liberal Education, to shame neither their friends, nor themselves, for else they will seem to travel, like *Barbarians* into *Greece*, not so much to learn the Arts and Ornaments of other Countries, as to discover the Nakedness of their own.

Let them be untainted with Vices, which in travelling increase like snowballs. Above all, let them be armed with Temperance, and free from the habit of Wine-bibbing, else the novelty of delicious

dious fruits and pleasant Wines in Southern Climates, will debauch them, to the hazard of their health and wits; and for reputation, make them seem swine in the eyes of such civil and well-governed people, as those amongst whom they shall live; neither will any caution preserve them vertuous, where Incontinency is boldly profest, and Lust is become, not a Custom only, but a Diet.

Let them be endued with understanding, and natural parts, at least more then vulgar; for travelling is a Trade, not to be set up, not driven, without a reasonable stock, neither do we endeavour to enamel or polish the common Flint, but reserve our labour for Metalls and Jewels, as only worthy of such Art.

Let them be competently furnished with humane learning, and at least matriculated in Philosophy; for though travelling may perhaps build, yet certainly it layes no foundations: There are methods and degrees of breeding; And no man ever at once vaulted into perfection. The knowledge of termes, and things, must, in good order, precede the

study of men, else it will resemble those that learn Languages, only by the ear, without Rules, who may, indeed, speak intelligibly, but scarce elegantly, and their want of Orthography shall always discover their lameness.

Let them not be so much strangers to *Story* and *Maps*, that when they first see *France*, they shall think, they discover *America*, and be so surpris'd with the novelty of objects, as if they saw not such but theaters, and when they changed stations, shifted scenes; for then their time will be wasted in vain amusement, and they will not have travelled, but dream't. As Children when they first come to *London*, are lost in the streets, As meere Country people admire the gaudy signes before every shop, and are in *France*, when they see *Westminster* or the *Exchange*.

Let them stay, till they have gotten some habit of discretion, and experience in conversation; for they must know how to stand upon their Guard, and support themselves; they can rely upon no mans tenderness, to consider their

their youth, and pardon the errours of Child-hood. All their blots will be hit, all their forfeitures will be taken, since to men of prudent behaviour, it is commonly a great priviledge to be strangers, but to indiscreet persons, a greater prejudice.

Let them, (if possible) be perfect Latinists, not only for pen, but speech, for that, in travelling, is as current coine in Trade, and somewhat more necessary, in this respect, that it cannot so readily be supplied by way of Barter. The Load-stone hath made all the world, in effect, one continent, and the *Latine* Tongue ciments, at least, all the learned world, as it were, into one Nation. Without it, Travellers are, for some time, such silly mutes, that it rests in the Companies charity, to think that they have Reason.

These are the principal cautions, which readily offer themselves unto me, and which I recommend to all young Travellers; from these they may expect much security and benefit; Yet, since we first learn to swim with Corks and Blad-

Bladders, And it seems, too unsafe, to trust so unfixed an age, only to its own conduct, methinks a provident Father should not easily be drawn to venture his Son abroad, without a discreet Tutor or Governour, who is so needful to supply the Authority of a Parent, and the familiarity and assistance of a friend, that the best that can be found, is to be purchased at any Rates; I will therefore briefly describe, what such a Governour, either is, or should be; some qualities and conditions in him are absolutely necessary, others very expedient.

Necessary is sobriety of life and manners, to give his Pupil none, but good example, which will add vigour to all his Counsels and reproofs; Prudence, to sit like a wary Pylot at the Helm, and foresee inconveniences, before they fall; Urbanity and gentleness of speech and behaviour, to be the harbinger of perswasion; for counsels roughly given, are received with prejudice. And lastly, Gravity to preserve and redeem (if need be) both his Person and Office from con-

contempt or neglect; very expedient is abundance of learning, especially humane, that, daily insinuating the best notions, by way of discourse, his conversation may at once unite the pleasure of entertainment, with the benefit of an Academy; An Age not superannuated, nor much unequal to that of his *Pupil*, lest it deprive him of that diligence, or complaisance, which belongs to his Office; Decent and manly behaviour, because his Scholar will be apt to imitate him; To have travelled himself before, That he may instruct his Pupil from his own experience, And being skilful in Languages, supply his defects.

To travelling, especially so attended, belongs a plentiful and honourable allowance of expence, without which, we do but travel on foot, and in *Quirpo*. Indeed, too much expence is the Mother of idleness, vanity, and folly; But discreet plenty should be afforded to every one that pretends to travel for his advantage, that he may keep pace with Gentlemen, and men of parts, may be in an Equipage, capable of their acquaintance and civili-

ties, and not confined to *Chambre Garnie*, or a poor *Penſion*, where he ſhall probably converſe with none, but perſons ignorant of good manners, and of all things which a Traveller ſhould be moſt ambitious to know or learn; For young men are ſuppoſed to travel, not that they may ſave mony, but gain knowledge; If they be ſent forth without competent maintenance, This is not to travel, but ſhift, which they would better do in their own Country, than in forein parts; where their hands are bound, and their tongues tied, having neither language nor credit to help themſelves. Money is to Travellers, as Wings to Birds, they have no other friend, or paſſe-port, nothing elſe that can recommend or addreſs them to ſociety; for they muſt buy their acquaintance, almoſt, as they do that which they eat or wear, and by diſcreet prodigality, woe acceptance, ſince they are not welcom upon ordinary terms, And whoſoever lodges a ſtranger, makes account he hath a booty, wherein, though the wary and prudent fruſtrate their expectations, yet they cannot

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prevent their hopes, nor alter their prejudices.

Thus furnished and qualified, young men may, indeed, travel the more safely, perhaps profitably; otherwise to send them abroad, at least without many of these furtherances and cautions, is to employ them upon a very hazardous, but unprofitable adventure, and too much resembles the exposing of Infants, to be nursed, like *Romulus*, by Wolves and Bears.

IX. *Of Religious Fear.*

HOw little do they understand the nature of true Piety, that cannot distinguish the terrours of Sinful guilt, from the just apprehensions of a Religious soul, but look upon fear, as the fatal Omen of an evil conscience, which is the only symptome of spiritual life? The Chirurgion having no other proof, that

the cure is not desperate, then quickness of sense.

There is a confidence, grounded upon the precipitated admission of those things for certain truths, the soundness whereof we are afraid to examine; Happy are they, that seasonably discover the rottenness of such foundations, and apply themselves to lay sure ones. There is a faith, more dubious then the Sect of the Scepticks, It will not believe its senses, nor the Demonstrations of the Mathematicks; Experience gives it small satisfaction, because it as much suspects the experiment, as the thing experimented: Such an uncertainty of Mediums, such an Imperfection of Organs it imagines, that every Object seems to it a delusion. It self least of all it trusts, knowing what an impostor dwells in its own breast: And these cautions work so powerfully, that they render it indefatigable in the pursute of happiness. So that this fear, (though sometimes it may seem to fight with its own shadow) is a safe and fruitful fear, recompensing the Anxieties of a moment, with eternal security.

But

But say some, We ought to rest only upon the love of God; We, that are Elect and redeemed. Fear we leave for Reprobates, who having no sense of Gods love to them, receive no impressions, but those of terrour, and are like slaves, condemned, as it were, to the Galleys of Fear. An Argument, certainly full of sweetness, If it did not tend wholly to undermine duty, and reduce the Power of Religion into Airy Speculation; If it did not teach men to be so unmannerly at their Devotions, that their Prayers prove commonly but contempts: should the Heathen, (who profoundly adore the workmanship of their own hands,) see their Irreverence, They would with some colour be apt to confirm themselves in their Idolatrous surmise, That it is better to have visible, than invisible Deities.

Fear is as a bridle to the Conscience; That soul which hath no fear, is like a Ship, that carries all it sayles, but hath no ballast, If it could escape over-setting in the Sea, yet it is sure to split upon the Rocks. We do not more need the zeal

zeal of generous Love, then the caution of well advised Fear.

I acknowledge those Acts of Piety to be the most excellent, that proceed purely from the Ingenuity of love; But these are certainly the least for number, The greatest are such, as derive themselves from a principle, mixt of necessity and choice. Love indeed makes the purest Holocausts, yet are not the Sacrifices of innocent fear to be undervalued; I am perswaded, Fear hath resisted, as many, and as strong temptations, as Love.

But who is so Chymical, that he can extract, who so Metaphysical, that he can abstract love from fear? Fear is as the Leen of Love, which it can never work out in this life, nor will it ever be purged of those Crudities, till it ferment into perfect Charity. Love is no bondage indeed, but a non-age it is, and a filiation, which for the present, differs little from the condition of a Servant.

A lively Emblem of this truth, we shall find in friendship; What a Critick is it of words? What a searcher into thoughts? what a spie upon our actions,

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and manners? How doth every omission beget a kind of guilt? How are true friends more sensible and fearful of unkindness then wounds, of giving then receiving? And this is the Estate of all Vertuous or real Amity; A relation, notwithstanding, which *primâ facie*, seems to consist wholly in Confidence.

A yet neerer, and more sublime Idea of our Love to God, is natural Conscience, That, by whose light and aid, Philosophers atchieved such Miracles of Vertue and self-conquest. What a Curb was this in the mouths of good Heathens? What a restraint, far beyond any sense of Honour, or fear of punishment? How did it suppress the passions, and smother the thoughts, that they durst not so much as dream extravagantly? And yet what society to good men, so sweet as solitude? He that is not clear in his own sight, where should he establish his Confidence, where shall he contract a firm league? Howbeit this is certain, that true Philosophy enjoynes every man, to be his own *Æacus & Minos*.

But that it may yet further appear,

how love and fear are mixed and interwoven, Every dayes experience proclaims it; For whence comes the Misers love of his money, but from fear of poverty? wherein consists the Enjoyment of health, but in security from sickness? And how could miserable life be so precious, even to unfortunate men, If they did not rather fear the approach of death, then love or relish those dregs of their lives?

Now therefore, since God is greater than our Consciences, more intimate than any friend, more precious than life, What an awe must we have of his presence, what a horrour of his absence? What prostration to him can be accounted superstition? what Zeal, Willworship? what ambition can we entertain, but that of humility? what emulation, but that of reverence? who can be morigerous enough in his duty, who circumspect enough in his behaviour, what repentance is sufficient to pacifie, what prayers to intreat, what addresses to adore him?

What signifie those precepts of awe

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and reverence, so frequently repeated, as well in the Gospel, as under the Law? The numerous Catalogues of such, as with speedy vengeance have paid the forfeiture both of Impiety and sawcy Devotion? Those Characters of his wrath, with so much terrour recorded, under the notions of a jealous God, a consuming fire? What meant that transcendent Devotion of primitive Christians, which some (I presume, that they may not be obliged to imitate it) scarce commend? Their watchings and fastings? their self-revenge and violence done even to nature? What do they all teach us? but this, That God will be served with industrious fear, and not with lazy love?

But, if any yet seem to doubt, let him reflect upon himself, How he hath complied, not with the rigour of the Law, but the latitude of the Gospel; What he hath deserved at the hands of God, and what will certainly befall him, without an Ocean of mercy, He shall then find far greater ground of distrust, then of confidence, If not, yet let him not acquiesce.

quiesce in an insufficient triall, but rather suspect his experience, then deny so great a truth.

X. *Of Church-Discipline.*

HE that compares the present Maxims of some blind Zelots, with the wisdom and moderation of ancient Lawes, will find it a strange Method, to root out Superstition by decrying Devotion, To prevent Heresie, by introducing an instability of Truths, and a bijearrery of Religions, to meet with will-worship, in the Abolition of all Duty, and to batter *Babylon* by erecting *Babel*.

Certainly, our Age is not so regular, that it needs no restraint, Our manners are not so exact, that they will admit no censures, Our piety hath not so high a Calenture, that it had need lose so much blood: God preserve our Religion from a Lethargy, and a Consumption,

on, we shall deal well enough with the Pluriſie.

Religion is like a curious Watch, ſoon out of frame, And Diſcipline is as the caſe that preſerves it; Religion is like the Apple of the eye, tender and obnoxious to every duſt, And Diſcipline is as the eye-lid that ſhelters it.

I ſee not, why any ſhould hate Diſcipline, but ſuch as reſolve to abuſe their liberty; There is no enemy to Lawes, but the lawleſs, and ſuch as think they have more intereſt in their puniſhments, than their protections, or hope, that in a general medley and Chaos of diſorder, their evil manners will paſſe unreproved, nay uncontroled, For what reſtraint is left for thoſe ſins, which ſtand in awe, neither of juſtice nor ſhame?

Not of Juſtice, For how wickedly do many live, even to the reproach of that holy faith which they profeſs, and yet either ſatisfie, or delude the Law? How many ſorts of Impieties are there, whereby Conſcience is waſted? As legal, or ſubtle oppreſsions, ſecret malice, neglect of all good Duties, and even Apoſta-

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cy it self, which yet defie publick Justice, and can certainly fear nothing, but a Court of Admonition to reprove, and brand their Enormities. Justice cannot take hold of them, without such extreme rigours, as will in its execution expose it to Arbitrary Power, and make it rather a snare to Innocency, then restraints of mischief. Not of shame, For in a general disorder, none is censured, And whilst every one is scandalous, no man is scandalized.

The sarcedotal, and Apostolical Offices indeed, are ceased, But the Evangelicall function still survives, Nor are those ordinary jurisdictions lost, which the Apostles held, not as Apostles, but Bishops, whereof none ever seemed to have so much need, as this latter and perillous Age, which is prophetically entituled to such a Catalogue of enormous sins, as the simplicity of primitive times was scarcely acquainted with: We are indeed to expect no miracles, But shall we submit to no Government? because we cannot have *Moses*, shall we admit of no Magistrates?

Long

Long lay the primitive Christians under the grievous yoak of Heathenish Tyranny, enjoying neither toleration, nor connivence; They had then no Lawes, but of their own admission, No Governours, but of their own permission; They lived rather by Examples then Lawes: It was then but necessary, there should be extraordinary, to supply the defect of ordinary powers; Now that Christians are our Magistrates, It may justly be expected, that what was planted by Miracles, should be cherished by Lawes: But no persecuted Church can be in so deplorable a condition, as that which wants Apostles, and rejects Pastors.

The Church is not so limited to forms and methods, but that she hath still a latitude left her to act according to her Emergent necessities, and frame to her self such constitutions, as self-preservation requires, and the example of all societies will justifie; I cannot see, why civil property should be secured and empaled with the best Lawes, that wisdom and experience can devise, And yet Christs Vineyard should be left without a hedge, The Army of Martyrs like disbanded

banded Troops, and Chriſtians like a multitude of people, that hath entred into no ſociety.

But perhaps the Magiſtrate is jealous of his Soveraignty, And fears, leſt the ſpiritual jurisdiction ſhould reign in mens hearts, to the ſupplanting of ſecular Obedience; I confeſs, this fear is not wholly void of colour, yet is it not a juſt fear; For Church-Diſcipline is in it ſelf ſo innocent and paſſive, that it ſeems too wiſe a Providence, wholly to deprive the Church of ſpiritual Arms, leſt ſhe ſhould uſurp temporall.

Truly, as the Civil Sword protects the Church, ſo again, the Church being armed with convenient Diſcipline, may add much force and vigour to the Civil Powers, and even protect its own Protector; By planting in mens hearts the awe of Religion, which is the main pillar of obedience; By advancing Vertue in thoſe free habits which exceed meer Duties, and prevent Juſtice with charity; By weeding out ſuch errours, as humane Authority would have much adoe to pluck up, And checking thoſe vices

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in their source, the course of whose torrent Lawes are not able to oppose.

We admit indeed of a moderate sway, in matters purely Ecclesiastical, But we do not embrace their violent Coertions, that would seem to engrose all truth, and make it Heresie to doubt, where they define; That would fain save Christ his pains in propagating or defending the Gospel. The true Church deals with shame, not with Tortures, with Censures, not with Gibbets; The largest Power she pretends, is to sequester from her Communion; Now, if Schismaticks will allow themselves the Power of separating, when they please, why should they repine, if she banish from her society, such as even judge themselves unworthy of it? Wine will naturally sever it self from its lees.

Methinks, They of all men, should not except against this gentle severity, who by not submitting to her Authority, seal their own banishment, It being a Maxim, to which, I presume, none of them will dissent; That such as withdraw obedience, renounce protections

If

If therefore they desired her Communion, they should not so harden themselves against her just and wholsom Decrees.

Wholsom Decrees, I call all such, as being either warranted, or not forbidden in Scripture, tend either to the advancement of Piety, the sole end of our Creation, or to the encrease of Charity, the band of Perfection; or to the Establishment of Peace and Unity, without which, neither Charity, nor Piety can long subsist.

XI. *Of Cœlibacy, or single Life.*

CŒlibacy is a state of Abstinence, both from the unlawful and lawful Bed. From Continency it differs, For that is not properly a state of life, but a habit of the Mind; And again from Chastity, For that is not confined to ab-

abſtinence, but extends to lawful and regular Uſe.

An Angelical Eſtate it is, And ſeems to ſhare in honour with Martyrdom, For it bids defiance to Luſt, it plucks up Avarice and Ambition, by the Root; It is not content to obey the Commands of the Goſpel, but purſues even its Counſels and intimations, And that it may not miſſe of happineſs, aims at Eminency.

There is not a greater teſtimony of Pious Prudence? For, whereas moſt men, by giving Hoſtages to the World, create to themſelves ſuch difficulties, that they muſt needs either fall dangerouſly, or ſtand doubtfully, The ſingle man is like a Ship, which having no charge, but its ballaſt, ſailes ſwiftly, and ſecurely, in thoſe Seas, where ſtronger Veſſels, that are full fraught, hazard to ſounder and overſet.

The Ancients eſteemed no greater hinderance of heroick atchievements then Mariage, They thought, he could not ſerve his Country, as he ought, that muſt likewiſe ſerve a Family; but would al-

alwayes float betwixt Vertue and Nature, and apply himself to publick Interest, but by halves; Hence it was thought a Question worthy the *Roman* Senate, Whether a Proconsul, going to the Government of his Province, should be permitted to carry his Wife with him.

Howbeit, All cannot receive this Doctrine, only such, as have received from above the Power of receiving it: For Cœlibacy suits with none but excellent Minds; such as compass it with violence, and invade it with the rashness of their Vowes, foil and ensnare themselves.

But far more pernicious is that licentious errour, or rather practice, that opposes Cœlibacy only to Wedlock, allowing it the latitude of using any, but lawful freedom.

This is at once to frustrate and cancel both Cœlibacy and Matrimony, To supplant the Remedy, and cherish the disease; It resembles the checking of a River, in its proper Chanel, to make a deluge, in the bordering Plains.

But let not our Age, (whose glory it

is,

is, to fight against Religion, with her own Arms) mistake this Argument, for a kind of universal dispensation; It is not safe indeed, yet possible; It is not necessary, yet very profitable; It is but a help to devotion, yet helps would not be slighted, where all is but too little, and we can never be sure enough. No man is excused without trial, Neither can he answer it, to Vertue or Conscience, that might probably have obtained, if he had not neglected it.

But what talk I of helps to Devotion, or Perfection in Vertue? A Mediocrity will serve turn, A discreet Religion that can cut the thred, and just turn the scales; No plucking out of eyes, I beseech you, no cutting off of hands, but a method of practical Divinity, as short and easie, as flesh and blood can contrive; And good reason, For then at least, we are not in danger of will-worship, the hideous bug-bear of so devout and Orthodox an Age, as ours.

XII. *Of*

XII. *Of Duties Matrimonial, and Conjugall Love.*

HAving briefly treated of single Life, It remains now to take a survey of Conjugall. The first concerns few, and those esteemed but a kind of Anchorites, and looked upon as the Schismaticks of humane Society; The second is of a general extent, And whatsoever is said upon that subject, seems to touch Mankind: Give me leave therefore to offer somewhat by way of Essay only (without Argument or reproof) in relation to Duties, so vast and publick as those of Matrimony; And let not any marvail, That being neither in Act, nor Contemplation, as yet a Husband, I am so busie to thrust my self into the Charge, and instruct the maried; For I conceive, That as a third Party, unintereſſed, I were the fitter, if need required, to interpose; However, since I undertake to state no Con-

Controversies, but deliver Truths, generally received, and favourable alike to both sides, My forwardnesse in this kind, if it deserve no commendation, can procure no just offence.

The Duties then betwixt man and wife are considered, as common to both, or peculiar and proper to either: common to both, And so they owe reciprocally, each to the other;

1 To make their Union an Act of prudent choice, not of chance, fondness, or meer Avarice; For it is no wonder that should miscarry, which was misconceived, Or that bitternes should be in the event, where folly was in the Design.

2 Communication of Vertuous knowledge, and spiritual Commerce. We cannot but desire to promote the happiness of those we love, And that Passion should be so much the more fervent, by how much its end is more excellent; wherefore such as delight in each others well-fare here on earth, cannot but far more earnestly covet to meet in Heaven.

3 Mu-

3 Mutual Fidelity; For falshood of affection, dissolves the Bond of Matrimony, And those that transgress the limits of lawful love, are already, before God, in a State of nullity; We may say of them, like St. *Paul*, upon another account, They have apostated from the faith, and are worse then Infidels.

4 Quiet Conversation and compliance, without publick jarrs, or secret grudges; If any discords happen, yet they ought to be little & short, that by a sweet & ingenuous return of friendship, they may rather quicken, then discompose the Harmony.

5 Communion and Constancy, in good and evil Fortunes; To joy and sorrow, thrive and wither, live and die together, since they are involved in each others sufferings, and have espoused, not persons only, but Conditions, even Afflictions and Infirmities.

6 An intire affection to, and care of their common issue, whereby Conjugall love is increased and intended, like reflected heat; Indeed, what greater re-enforcement of affection can there be? since

faithfull friends despair in any thing so lively to express or testifie their love and respect to deceased Parents, as in the endearment of their surviving Children.

Peculiar Duties are either of the Man to his Wife, or the Woman to her Husband: The Husband owes his Wife.

1 By his freedom and Complaisance in her society, as much, as in him lies, to gratifie her just and kind expectations, improve the comforts of her life, and sweeten her solitudes, lest she have cause to think her self in the condition of a Widow, even whilst she is maried; For since, whilst she was free, and might have refused, her love to his Person, bribed or swayed her, to submit to his yoak, He were very ungrateful to neglect her that chose him; If elective Princes oppress, they have no excuse, since they violate not only the Rights, but even the good will of their Electours.

2 Tenderness to her errours, and a kind of equal jurisdiction, not assuming the Authority of a censorious Pædagogue, not putting her to the wrack of ob-

observancy, not expecting so much regard, as discreet Wives, of their own accord allow.

3 Confidence in her Vertue, and honest freedom in her Actions and behaviour; For jealousie is like a perpetuall alarm, Herein most unjust, That it binds its Criminal to prove the Negative, And arraigns her for a Crime, whereof, being once charged, she can never purge her self.

4 Communication of Counsels and secrets, so far at least, as will consist with Justice to others, and by his own Prudence; For he that locks up his bosom from his Wife, especially in matters of Common Interest, questions her fidelity, or, at best, condemns her discretion.

5 An Equal use of temporal Blessings; Indeed a Wife is not like a Steward, or Receiver, Neither ought any Action of Accompt to lie against her, who sharing with her Husband in Wealth and Poverty, may not be presumed prodigal of her own Interest, and improvident for her Children.

6 A sober and careful Managery of his

his Estate, without sinful imbezelling, or loathful impayring that Wealth, which is but half his own; For what delight can there be in a declining fortune? What seeming fondness can repair such a reall injury? The Wife may well pitty or indulge, but cannot truly affect a Husband, from whose Luxury, she apprehends, or feels her own ruine; let him pretend what love he will, if she do not distrust, she hath too much cause to disdain it. The Wife owe her Husband,

1 Serenity of undoubted Vertue, able of it self to prevent suspition, or confute jealousie; And this indeed is rather presumed, then prescribed, since he that examines the Chastity of Women, impeaches it, And hath already strangled their Innocency, before he have proved their Guilt.

2 Singular Modesty, and simplicity of behaviour, as the necessary Handmaid of honour: For though, unchastity be the fouler sin, against God and her self, Yet the scandall of Impudence is far the greater wrong to her Husband.

3. Sincere Love and endearement, the perfection of Matrimonial union; This would tame the roughest Satyre, and mollifie the fiercest *Scythian*, This would reclaim the most dissolute, and wean the most extravagant; Where it prevails not, it is a signe there remains no trace of Vertue, or tincture of Ingenuity in that soul; In all traverses of fortune, or distempers of mind, this will teach her Husband, to court his ease and relief in her Company, and retire to her, as to a Sanctuary; No kindness will he think worthy of her kindness, No return equal to her merits; She shall reign in his affections, as a perpetual Mistress.

4. If not a Confidence in his Prudence, Yet in most cases a submission to his Judgement, not disputing his Authority, nor forcing him to assert it; For such Controversies are ever unseasonably moved. The power of Wives consisting in the generous love of their Husbands, who, if they be not barbarous, will even strain Compliance with them, And preventing their reasonable desires, will of their own Accord, know, That to insult

over their Wives, is to unman themselves.

5 Discretion, if need be, to keep secrets; That by her Imbecillity, she force not her Husband, to the unhappy choyce of unkind reservedness, or indiscreet confidence, of standing in her behalf upon his Guard, or betraying his own affairs and prudence.

And lastly, Frugality; whereby her Husband shall finde, that to trust her liberally, is his best and most honourable thrift, And being encouraged by her approved Mesnage, securely refer his domestick Affaires to her Charge and Government.

XIII. *Of Flattery.*

I Have alwayes pitied the misfortune of the great and beautiful, whom either the fondness of Custom, the trea-

chery of others, or their own imbecillity, hath rendred so obnoxious to cheap and Mercenary Tongues, that they seldom hear truth from any but their Confessours; It seems, indeed, a kind of homage to their Quality and Sex; But the friendship of it resembles his favour that is strangled in silk.

Yet so sensual a Quality is Pride, that it had rather be smoothered in a Feather-Bed, then accept of hard Lodging, which would hurt its tender Limbs; It refuses nothing that is pleasant, But the bitter Potion will not down, The Palate disgusts it, the Stomack loaths it, and the Belly fears griping; Indeed, the manners of great Men are commonly so proud and ulcerate, that they will not endure the Probe, Their actions are like that virulent scab, which they call the *Noli me tangere.*

Truth agrees with none but the Innocent, And Reproof complies only with those, whose lives, (if they be not blameless) yet are not ripe and rank with scandall: They fear not the Censures of others, that are *Severe* to themselves,

ſelves, And ſuch have great reaſon to ſlight the Atteſtations of forein applauſe, as have the ſatisfaction of a Witneſſe without exception within them. The Birth of Flattery bears date from the Fall of *Adam*, It is our nakedneſs, which this officious Vice would ſeem to hide with its charitable Fig-leaves; They are the wrinckles of our withered beauty, which require this ſedulous Hand-maid to help us lay on the *fucus*: When Women began to paint, Men were encouraged to cajole, And ever ſince Greatneſs hath declined to look day in the face, appearing only, like Maſquers in twi-light, Copper-lace hath been in faſhion; Whilſt Ladies were vertuous, plain-dealing was not rejected, as barbarous, And whilſt Princes were upright, honeſt freedom was not proſcribed as ſeditious; *Paraſites* prove, of late, as neceſſary to them, as Cooks, their ſins ſeeming to be but drie Veniſon, without the ſawce of the Court.

And as gnats ever ſwarm in unwholſom Ayres, ſo through the corruption of the times, are ſycophants ſpawned and

multiplied among us; Nay, They are become so busie and familiar, that the Traveller can scarce keep them out of his eyes; No Vertue or sagacity is free from their attempts, For like the Wolves in *Germany*, by daily preying upon Carkasses, they come at last to venture upon living men, And have learned of Sathan, still to tempt, though with little hope of success.

They find, no question, That, as we say of Towns and Forts, There is none, which may not be either wonne by Assault, or taken by Approach, or reduced by Famine; so all men prove either soluble or malleable to flattery; That not only Princes may be soothed in their Titles, Ladies in their Features, and Souldiers in their Exploits, But Philosophers in their goodly Beards, Friers in their meritorious Cowles, and Prelates in their Reverend Miters.

It is true, That one address doth not fit them all; For, neither do we bait *Salmons* as we do *Gudgeons*, nor hunt the politick *Fox*, like the nimble *Stagge*; some can swallow a lump of down-right

prayse,

prayse, (which (as we say of hard and dri: Cheese) would choak the very *Dawes*) without mincing or chewing; Others will not endure to be courted in broad *Scotch*, nor scarce in good old *British*, Yet they cannot resist the Charms of *Italian*; For others, Language will not suffice, without the help of Arts and Sciences, The figures of Rhetorick, the gravity of Ethicks, the subtilty of the Schools, and Authority even of the Gospel, to serve them like *Henry* the first of *France*, reported to be poysoned with consecrated Wine.

Indeed Flattery is no Profession for the unlearned, Novices must not think to practise upon this Scene, nor Asses to tune this Harp; For grosse commendation is like Sugar unrefined, fitter for Clysters, than Sawces, And loud Panegyricks are alwayes either despised, or suspected; *Tiberius*, as he feared plain-dealing, so he hated broad flattery, And when *Dolabella* mooved, That he might be received in triumph, at his return from *Campania*, deeply resented the bitternesse of the scoff; So jealous are the

guilty, And so difficult it is to flatter those, that censure themselves.

Sycophants therefore, if they would not run the hazard of infamous discovery, must understand not only Languages and Arts, but Passions, Prejudices, and (as they speak at Court) blind sides, (in one word) Persons; (A precious and pious Quality indeed, that diverts us from contemplating and lamenting our own foul sins, to study and serve the execrable Vices of other men) They will not therefore content themselves with specificial knowledge, but descend to individuums. They prie, and seek out the Vain, to sooth them, The Ulcers of Discontent, to rub and exasperate them, The Coals of Faction, to blow them, The greedy and Covetous, to tempt and feed them, The Ambitious, to inflame them; They find compliance for the humorous and Froward, Faith for Travellers, Prostration for Insolency, and a fools Paradice for Self-love; They must know how to talk with the glory and confidence of *Cethegus*, the flegme of *Lentulus*, the pedigree of *Cornelius*, the reproach

of

of *Autronius*, and the neceſſities of *Piſo*; For I take Flattery not to be that common and harmleſs faculty of good Language and plauſible addreſs, But a Diabolical Art of holding Intelligence with natural corruption, and accomodating it ſelf to our Vices, whatſoever they be.

Certainly, as it is ſaid of common lyers, That they had need have vaſt memories; ſo much more may we affirm of the buſie Flatterer, That he deſerves not only a peircing wit, a demure cariage, and a tongue that never ſtammers, But browes of braſſe, and cheeks that have forgotten to bluſh; The temper of a Stoick, The patience of a Mule, The feet of a fawning Spagnel, and knees of an humble Camel, The Religion of a meer Politick, and no more ſoul, than a bare Vegetable.

XIV. *Of Beauty.*

I Am not raviſhed with natural Vermilion, ſo eaſily counterfeited by Art, or imitated by Artiſts; Yet neither am I ſo ſevere a Stoick, as wholly to contemn it, Methinks, as our unadviſed Philoſophers, labouring, with their profound exorciſmes, to caſt out the fear of death, rather than augment its terrors; ſo ſome men, by decrying beauty, with pedantick gravity, enhance its Reputation, or increaſe their appetites, whoſe ſick palats are apt to long for Muſhrooms, and other meats, forbidden them by the Phyſician.

With ſome men, indeed, Beauty hath the force of Witch-craft, They are tranſported with it, as if they had renounced their Reaſon. Many eminent perſons, (eſpecially ſuch as profeſſed Arms,) have

have been servilely addicted to it, not disdaining, or forbearing to lay their honours and interests at its feet; Thus, *Vasques* a prudent *Spaniard*, and great Captain, deferred the assault of *Leyden*, after he had by battery, and other pressures, in a tedious siege, rendred it almost uncapable of further defence, purely at the instance of a Mistress, native of that Town, And so gave his active enemy time and opportunity to relieve it, whereby his Masters affairs in those Provinces, were infinitely prejudiced, if not ruined, chusing rather, to incur the Censure of the severest Majesty, than the displeasure of unkind Beauty; Thus, the great *Crequi* oft times would not stick to boast, That he was, indeed, a Gentleman, by the service of his Prince, but a Knight, by that of Ladies; But what example can parallel that of *Anthony*, who apparently sacrifised the Empire of the world, to the entertainment of his *Cleopatra*.

Truly, I am astonished, and much scandalized at that solemn, yet silly pageantry, which they call the courting of

the Dames; It much resembles their more commendable employment, that endeavour to charm the Bees with the harmony of a Kettle, and hath as much of superstition, as the Christening and hallowing of Steeples and Bells; It seems to be too much in jest, to be indeed in earnest, And, if those that so much profess it, do not buffoone, we are to pitty their more innocent, and lesse affected folly; Charity bids us hope, that it is only the mist of Knight-Errandry, whose phantastick blindness is apt to mistake Wind-mills, for Enchanted forts.

Wisdom easily discovers the imbecillity of this passion, which renders the lives and actions of men, not at all more serious, and but little, more ingenious then a Puppet-play; Yet he is two blind, that sees not a kind of Excellency, or finds not real and solid Charms in Beauty, especially where it is seconded with lovely Modesty, and true Honour; For then it becoms, as it were the *Roman* Eagle, and imperial banner of Vertue; since where they are united, they multiply, like Cyphers added to Figures.

The

The discourse of beauty points perpendicularly at Women, who have so engrossed its perfection, that they brook not to hear of any Rival, except the Angels; so as to sleight beauty, is in effect to slight Women, who being wholly excused, and partly excluded from heroick Actions, yet triumph in their passive Excellencies, whereby, if they do not equal, yet they parallel the bravest men; In passive excellencies, indeed, yet not meerly passive; For what Trophies are more memorable than Beauties?

Certainly, It was not given them in vain; It is the Royal stamp and impression, for which, at least, they are valued, as excellent Medalls; with this badge of their order, as with a religious habit, they travel every where, like secure Pilgrims, And Violence offered them, is like breach of the Law of Nations; Nay, it not only preserves them from injuries and neglects, but recommends them to all the advantages and prerogatives of life; And therefore with much reason, they are of nothing so impatient, as that their beauty should

ſhould be once queſtioned; It is as high a Treaſon, as to ſcan the title of a Soveraign, As bold an Hereſie, as to diſpute the infallibility of the Pope.

But men have alſo their beauties, As a generous Mine, A face promiſing ſomewhat more than vulgar, proper Taille, & Courtly Geſture; Theſe are beauties indeed, but not beauty which is peculiar to Women, and conſiſts rather in delicacy, then ſolidity; in fineneſſe then ſubſtance.

The Beauty of men is their honour, not that of Pomp and titles, but reall worth, The Uniformity of their lives, and ſymmetry of their Actions, In one word, the Idea of their Vertues, great Excellencies indeed, if they were not apter than thoſe of Women, to be corrupted with Flattery, blaſted with Arrogancy, and counterfeited with Craft.

XV. *Of Craft.*

CRaft is a kind of honourable knavery, Or the art of halting betwixt honesty and wisdom, to each of which, it highly pretends, but is in both, equally lame and defective; For it hath nothing stable or solid, It stands upon no Basis, It owns no Principles, all its motions are excentrick, and it is but a trick of shifting and living *extempore*, like those that are put to seek their fortunes.

True Prudence, whose practice is regular, and whose end is Vertue, is scarce to be found; and therefore this Courtly imposture cannot but passe current, in so corrupt an age as ours, when the highest aim of mens actions is to save their Credits, and their best Religion, to sin demurely; When no man thinks him-

himself guilty, till he be apprehended, Nor imagines any offence, but where he must do penance. Who is he, that dares call the crafty man knave? None I presume, but himself; Others indeed may shrewdly suspect, But it is no lesse charity to believe, then prudence to speak warily, They are, I hope, no Recusants that go to Church, no Bastards, that were born in Mariage.

But alas, This is as a secret Vermine, knawing the very root of Honesty, And is such Leven in all our actions, as turns the sweetest milk, into the soureness of a Rennet, It poysons vertue at the spring head, by infusing that *Italian* Maxim, That all Heroick habits have their birth from Design, and their nourishment from Ambition.

This is the disguise, that renders those Actions plausible, which if naked and uncouched, would not be patdonable, This is the dresse, which favours deformity, and the boot which hides the crookedness of the Leg; For whilst Hypocrisie palliates sin, Craft shelters Hypocrisie, which would otherwise be

more

more obnoxious, then sin it self, since wicked men live as cowardly, as the wild *Irish* are said to make warre, And would every day be cut in pieces, if they had not the retreat of a Bogge.

This is that Mock-Authority, which gives a counterfeit passe-port to all our Vices, And affords a safety to guilt, beyond the security of the innocent; which by its false marches, and continual traverses, leads the Lawes a Dance, and even harasses the Magistrate, with the frequency of its Alarms; The only good it hath, is this, That it proclaims the necessity of a Resurrection, when simplicity shall triumph over Craft.

Truly, Nothing doth so fatally evidence the declining of our Manners, as to see Craft in such Reputation; being exalted with all the Panegyricks due to wisdom; As if we were to be trained up to Vertue, like the *Lacedæmonian* Children to the Warres, In whom the dexterity of Stealing, and impudence of Lying were held presages of heroick Spirits; Craft, which dares not look others, nor its own Conscience, in the face,

face, which fears the light, and hates the dark, is become the currenteſt Coyn in our Mints.

Methinks, Though commonly it paſſe without detection, yet where it is once unmasked, it ſhould appear ſo much the more ugly; Though it be too wiſe to incur miſchief, yet ſhame ſhould lite upon it, If it ſcape the halter, it ſhould get a brand in the ſhoulder, And, if it be permitted to live, ſhould, with *Perkin Warbeck*, be ſtript of its Majeſty, and confined to the Kitchen; The more ſecure it is, the more hateful it ſhould be, And, like the Arts of adminiſtring Poyſon, be accounted the treaſon of ſociety; For thus ingratitude, whilſt it eſcapes the Law, is ſtigmatized with reproach, equal to the greateſt of Felonies.

Yet, let it paſſe, It may ſhift for a while, But for the moſt part, it owes an account, even in this life; Oft times its imbecillity betrayes it, But ſeldom it outlives the countermine of a greater ſubtilty than its own; In the mean time, let it enjoy its ſelf-hatred, and delight (if it can) in thoſe perplexities & terrours,

terrours, wherewith it is perpetually alarmed; whilſt, to prevent diſcoveries, All its behaviour is no better then palliation, Its whole life is but one continued Apology.

O how miſerably is it entangled, that it can ſcarce turn honeſt, if it would; In other, even the greateſt enormities, it is ſufficient, frankly, and penitently to confeſs, and forſake them; But Craft, beginning then only to be a Crime, when it is diſcovered, cannot reform its Vice, without abandoning it ſelf to reproach and danger: Wherefore it is obliged, as it were, by the Law of Nature, in its own defence, to multiply falſhoods, wherein it becoms, at laſt ſo bold, that it proves a prey to Civil Lawes, and a lively Monument of Divine Juſtice, which triumphs in nothing more, than in bringing the ſins of the Cabinet, to the puniſhments of the Scaffold.

XVI. Of Kindneſs, Courteſie, and Civility.

IT is ſtrange to obſerve, How theſe three Ornaments of Converſation, (which indeed, have ſome common lineaments of reſemblance, though no perfect likeneſs) are in vulgar ſpeech, (the bane of propriety) wont to be confounded: But it is yet ſtranger to conſider, how they are apt (at leaſt ſome of them) to paſſe for that Angelical habit of friendſhip. Amongſt themſelves, they are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, Betwixt them and it, there is no proportion.

Amongſt themſelves, Criticiſme will ſhew us, That they differ in their Genus and Properties; For kindneſs muſt be referred to *Indoles*, Courteſie to *Facultas*, Civility to *Aptitudo*, The firſt, *Innata*, the ſecond *Induta*, the third *Imbuta*. In their Objects, For the proper Object of kindneſs, are our natural relations

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and neer alliances, of Courteſie, our Acquaintance, eſpecially Inferiors, of Civility, ſtrangers. In their Subjects, For that of Kindneſs is the thoughts, that of Courteſie the ſpeeches, and that of Civility the Addreſſes. And, laſtly, in their Ends and Effects, For Kindneſs tends to beget Confidence, Courteſie Obligation, and Civility Reſpect. As for friendſhip, they do not differ from it, but are ſubordinate to it, Nay, at its appearance, they Vaniſh like little Stars at Day-break. In the Infuſion, and tincture, they are there, but not in the groſs ſubſtance, For Friendſhip, though it ſeems to be a ſacred Compound of all Vertues and Graces, Yet is it without any mixture, or loſs of its entireneſs and ſimplicity.

However, In our dregs of times, which have, in effect, left us onely the name and husk of Friendſhip, theſe are eſteemed great Amities, And are, I fear, the beſt we have; Indeed, we could, by no means want them, for they ſerve turn in default of better Ointment, to patch up a kind of Society, and entertain Commerce.

Kind-

Kindness is a sweet familiar of life, Most necessary, even to uphold the fabrick of the World, for the Communication of earthly Comforts, and mutual aid, depend upon it; Without it, we are but a kind of serpents stinging or hissing at each other; It is the harbinger of Familiarity, and likeliest to prove the seed of Friendship.

Courtesie is a faculty of great advantage, And a Commodity of as nimble Vent, as any in the shop; It bespeaks acceptance, it bribes Good will, and prevails, beyond Importunity. It renders our Equals, Inferiours, Our servants, Vassals; Falshood uses it, as harlots do Vermilion, for it hath a singular Gloss; But even such disguises are but needful, where faces are so rough-hewen. For take off the Maske, and their appears a General difformity, a ceasing of hospitality, an interfering in all our Actions and discourses.

What shall I say of Civilty? It distinguishes us from the Wildest of Wild Beasts, For nothing is so salvage, as uncivil men; Pity it is, That reason should

be

be caſt away upon them; Let them rather live, like Satyres, in the Vaſt Woods and deſerts, and feed like Swin, Each in his own trough: It is wonder, Mankind doth not ſpue, or work them out, as Wine doth lees and dregs; For, where Civility is not, there is Barbariſme, and a Priyation of all that is moral.

XVII. *Of Youth and Old Age.*

WHatever prejudice the fooliſh and ſenſual conceive of Old Age, it is the Academy of Wiſdom, the Diadem of life, the Porch of Immortality.

Youth is compoſed of Vanity & Frenzy, Weak in Judgement, yet impatient of Counſel, Obnoxious to cenſure, yet uncapable of reproof; Studious of ſubtle Arts, before ſolid Knowledge; Greedy

dy rather of eloquence, then Wisdom; Buried with Circular imaginations, Prostitute to Pleasure: Justice it measures by Power, and resolves, That whatsoever it can do, it may; Its bounty consists in Profuseness, rather casting away, then conferring benefits, Even its Valour is more furious then resolute, so that it charges boldly, but is lost in retreats; Indeed, what true Vertue can it have, that knows no Moderation?

Young men may well be prompt and acute, For, by Reason of the heat and Moysture wherein they abound, Imagination is strong in them; And in Memory they most excell, Whereby, they have means to supply their own imperfections, with forein knowledge; But their Experience is so narrow, and their Reason so unfixed, that they cannot yet Arrive at Wisdom and Constancy, the fruits and effects of Maturer Age.

Old men, perhaps, may be irresolute, and so forfeit those Opportunities of great Actions and Events, which Younger men would probably have improved; And this, chiefly appears in the Profes-

sion

ſion of Arms, Where, in regard fortune preſides, Bold and Vigorous Attempts are commonly favoured, and caution may be as prejudicial as raſhneſs; Wherefore the Politicks, indeed, prefer the Chevalery of young Commanders, aſſiſted by Ancient Counſellors, before the Prudence of Old Captaines, though ſeconded by youthful Officers: yet let not Youth too much triumph in this ſhaddow of advantage; For even ſuch gayety proceeds, for the moſt part, from want of foreſight, and ignorance of dangers, whereas the Omiſſions of Old Age are but the Effects of deep Providence, and Various experience, endeavouring to reduce all things to Reaſon or Rule, and diſdaining to leave ought to the blindneſs of meer Chance.

However, Admit this to be a defect Eſſential to Old Age, Yet it is ſupplied with many excellent Vertues, which not onely reſcue it from Contempt, but render, even its imperfections, Venerable.

It is, indeed, that recollected Eſtate of true Wiſdom, wherein commonly we begin to live, and from whence we may

reasonably date the time of our being, as *Charles* the Fifth was wont to reckon his Age, onely from the day of his Retreat. It is a seasonable interval of perfect leisure, wherein the soul, being no longer biassed & diverted with present amusements, seriously reflects upon things Past, and diligently prepares her self for things to come; Till then, she was wholly laid aside, the Body kept her, as it were under hatches, and she lived, but like slender Coals raked up in vast Embers. Now, being delivered from her bondage, she appears in Equipage, like worthy Citizens, recalled from banishment, to be invested with Supreme Authority. We now begin to value others, and our selves, not by sleight Appearances, but by such intrinsecal habits as are onely valuable. We have now learned to retire to the Sanctuary within us, neither expecting good, nor fearing evil, from any Creature but our selves. We now decline those Airy speculations, which are, indeed, but the Itch of the Mind, And paring off the Excrescencies of unfruitful knowledge, reduce all our Theory into Practice.

Practice. What further can be added to the just merits of Old Age, whose Actions are Uniform, and its Passions regular, whose Vertues are perfect, and, even its errors secure. It Understands clearly, Distinguishes rightly, Coucludes, as it were, Infallibly, and, (which Crowns all) lives conformably?

Such indeed is Old Age, in upright and regenerate souls; But as general Councils, where they reform not the Church, establish its corruptions, and infect it with Canonical Heresie; so an Old sinner becomes incorrigible; His Vices are Manners, and his Evil Customes, Nature. He sins untempted, like evil Angels, and retains a Will, even beyond the power or Lust of Offending; He needs no other mixture or Change of Elements, for he is already a Clod of the Impurest Earth, rotten and sordid, beyond the stench of Sepulchres, or putrifaction of Worms. Lastly, he remains the fatal Pyramide of Gods Justice; who, because the sins of Mankind were multiplyed, in Mercy, shortned our Dayes; For, with God, it is most just, That,

such, as have hardened themselves, like *Pharaoh*, should, like him, be hardened, And those, that forgate God, when they were Young, should defie him, when they are Old.

XVIII. *Of Honour.*

IF we might fancy a Generation of Angels, who in propagating would lose nothing of their Primitive Excellency, but continue their Purity in their race, It were, indeed, no Vanity, to be proud of such a Pedigree: But, since men entaile onely their Lands, and not their Vertues, Since the children of Heroes, degenerate, like Southern fruit transplanted into colder climates, Since (as if the world decayed) Gyants beget Dwarfs, I see not why *Tantalus* should any longer vaunt himself the son of *Jupiter*.

But, alas, not onely the Chanel of ho-

nor

neur is Muddy, the very fountain is brackish; to assign reward and dignity onely to merit, is indeed the proper subject of a declamation, but it speaks rather *Utopian* then good *English*.

Some rise by undermining the innocency, and betraying the confidence of others, for the great are ever heaving, like Moales: some arrive at Honors by serving the Pride and other irregular Passions of the Great, Or (which is much like) by loathsome flattery, For flattery is Prides Prostitute. And some are as meer Creatures of favour, as Flies of Sunshine, The very Cubbs of fortune, as blind as their damme; For Soveraigns delight sometimes to coyn such men for Medals, as have no stampe of merit in themselves.

The most General, most sure, and perhaps most innocent means of invading honor, is by sluggish purchase, and the infinite desert of mony; No dignity Secular or Sacred is ashamed to stoop to it; It creates Cardinals at *Rome*, it dubbs Knights at *Malta*, Nay it admits even Senators at *Venice*; Of such honors we

may say, as some Gentlemen of their Perriwigs, or Ladies of their Complexions, They are, indeed, their own, since they Paid for them.

How few are they, that purchase Honour by desert? And if any will endeavor it, They must cut their way through the Rock, they must past the Pikes of Malice; For the sons of favour prove indeed the Envy of many, But those of merit are an eye-sore to all.

Wisely indeed, and Morally did the Sage Heathens decree, That the Passage to the Temple of Honour, should be thorough that of Vertue; But this was only a Philosophy Lecture, and a kind of Hieroglyphick.

To Conclude, The Honor of our times is but like the Honor of the Scene, And, if duely examined, proves, at best to be but ancient wealth.

XIX *Of*

XIX. *Of Learning.*

WHen I consider, how true Learning improves every faculty of the Soul, how it refines the Understanding, and reforms the Mind; In fine, how it makes almost as vast a difference betwixt men and men, as betwixt Men and Animals; and yet withall Observe, what slender homage is performed to the Gown, And what silly advantages most men reap from their Studies; mine ears cannot but tingle at that unhappy, yet true Proverb: Physicians get the wealth, and Lawyers the Honor, whilst Philosophy walkes in *Quirpo*.

Surely, It was otherwise of Old; When seven Cities bandied for the honor of *Homers* nativity, When the Wisdom of *Socrates* was attested by Oracle, When Philosophers were Princes Peers, at least their Co-adjutors and Suffra-

gans, ſubſtituted, like great Clerks, to ſupply the non-reſidence of Cardinals; When the Conſulſhip of *Rome* was the daily Guerdon of Eloquence.

But, indeed, the Cauſe of this difference is too apparent, ſuch only were then accounted Learned, as lived more learnedly then they ſpake or dictated; And thoſe were thought illiterate, though never ſo prompt and ſubtle, whoſe halting Practices betrayed the lameneſs of their Minds; Sophiſtry was not yet in Credit, nor any of thoſe Superficial Arts, which prove abortive of Wiſdom, and fruitful onely of Oſtentation; There were not many that had Confidence to uſurp a title ſo envious as Philoſophy, ſuch as then wore the Venerable Gown, having purchaſed fame by degrees and Methods, and ſo attaind to Maturity, needed no other Characters of Honor, then thoſe that were written in their forcheads.

Whereas the Learned of our Age are ſo far from challenging reverence or true applauſe, that they even fall into contempt, and are become the onely per-

persons in Comœdies; They may well pretend to Learning, but their behaviour proclaims them strangers to liberal Science; Though their tongues speak Greek, yet their manners savour of the Barbarian.

Much, I confess, they peruse, but indeed read little; Variety of imperfect Notions rendring their Judgement a meer *Chaos*, and their Memories no better then a kind of Alphabetical Index; You would imagine them to have dwelt rather in Caves then Colleges or Cities, For the Commonwealth hath not more unprofitable Members then they.

And yet, methinks, I could afford to recant, or at least qualifie my invectives; Certain it is, That no Age hath more abounded with learned men, then the Present, which by Gourmandizing books, is now Crop-sick of knowledge; Those Arts and Sciences, which were almost like *terra incognita* to our Ancestors, have been in latter times, exactly surveyed, and are described, as it were, in Vulgar Mappes; Those Notions which were then locked up, like Jewels in a few

breſts, are now grown, as Common as the Elements; But, alas, Even Moathes have eaten Folio's; It is one thing, I conceive, to have Learning, and another to be Learned; All lay Claim to Art as Intercommoners, but few as Proprietors.

Some ſelect Perſons, I know, there are, worthy the Noble Order, whoſe badge they wear; But their handful is too much over-ballanced by multitudes of ſuch, as uſe the decency of the Long Robe, onely to palliate their Nakedneſs, and patronize their folly; In the mean time, they are promiſcuouſly branded with the Vulgar, which hath Learned to call every little Mountebanck a Doctor. With the Vulgar indeed, For with the Judicious, Diamonds do not ſo differ from ſtints, nor Bats from Eagles, as men truely Learned from Pedants.

XX. *Of*

XX. *Of Peace.*

AS Rest is the End of Natural, so is Peace of Civil Motions. Though, whilst the former, proceeding from Necessary Agents, are commonly regular, The latter, being governed by Voluntary, prove very Excentrick.

The Motion of Natural Bodies is mostly from outward Causes, Whereby Philosophy hath so oft miscarried of its perpetuity: Bodies Politick have a principle wholy intrinsecal to them, (*viz.*) The restless spirits of men, The everlasting mutinies of our Lusts.

And these Lusts are the Causes of War, both immediately, by dividing the souls of men, and mediately, by provoking the Justice of God, to make lust its own Executioner, So that the Onely true foundation of Peace is Innocency and Obedience; For why should he expect peace with men, that is an Outlaw to the God of Peace?

XXI.

But, methinks, I speak, as in *Plato's* Commonwealth, Publike Reformation is indeed glorious, but difficult and dangerous in its misconceptions: For Minerals inflame, and gentle Physick operates little; He had need be very Eloquent that allays tumults with perswasion, Wisemen therefore study inward Peace, as the only haven, that defies Shipwrack; seeing that the best they are to expect from without, is but a kind of truce or Intermission, A short space, for Champions, by consent, to take breath, Perhaps, no actual sickness, Yet a crasie constitution.

If any solid and durable Peace there can be, We are to expect it from the Piety and prudence of Good Magistrates, the Guardians of Publick Peace, and Tutelary Angels of Commonwealths, Their Justice must enliven, Their vigilancy preserve, Their Power and Authority vindicate it.

A just Magistrate, then, will content himself, with the just bounds of his Prerogative, and lawful limits of his Empire: He will do the work of Peace even War, and prefer one Olive-branch before

fore many Lawrels. He will remember that great Oppressions not onely cause Seditions, but seem almost to justifie them; and that mighty Conquerors commonly resemble such, as in swallowing, what they digest not, are rather stuffed then nourished.

The Vigilant Prince will consider, That sucking Vices, fostered by his connivence, will soon grow tall and National abuses; That Lurking practices, unprevented, prove Open broyles; And that a careless Monarch resembles a rich Travellor, sleeping securely in the Company of Theeves.

The wise Emperor will value his Reputation, as his Scepter; He will rather chuse to reign by Lenity and Love, yet so as to have Aw in the reserve; Though he never draw his sword, yet his hand will be alwayes upon the hilts, That the subtle and turbulent may despaire to surprise him; For unarmed Powers are already half deposed; But few will be so hardy, as once to attempt Authority, seconded with Courage, and assisted with Counsel.

XXI.

XXI. Of Conscience.

THe Crown of Jerusalem, though, indeed, it was but a phantastick Diadem, is observed to have had more pretenders to it, than great and solid Empires; scarce any Prince, that did not assume the Title, that did not use its Arms to fill his Scutcheon: Since none could possess, each resolved to challenge it, as knowing, that therein he should not give jealousie to his Neighbours, nor stir up any Rival. Truly, when I consider the throng of those, that entitle themselves to Conscience, even such, as have scarce any colour of Conquest or alliance to it, I should greatly marvail, if I did not withall remember, how easie and natural it is to claim, where there is scarce any true property, And how fit she is to be every mans Prostitute, that is no mans Spouse.

That indeed is a chearful Religion, which serves our temporal ends, which

Courts

Courts our Appetites, and whereof, we are, as it were, our own Carvers? Surely it suits with the best policy, to comply with Conscience in appearance, that it may bring us real advantages, to humour it in professions and formalities, that it may serve us in the main. But who can away with Cynical Piety, with the crabbed Doctrines of Self-denyal, with such a Law, as enterferes with all that is dearest to us, and is as crosse to our projects and interests, as if our enemies had invented it to countermine us?

Who would not be content with the King of *Spain*, to hold the Realm of *Naples*, by the yearly tribute of four thousand Crowns, and a white Palfrey? Who so bad a Catholick, that he will not come to Confession, where he is sure to purchase plenary absolution? Who would not, with *Lewis* the 11th, carry an *Agnus* of Lead in his Cap, under shelter whereof he may, when occasion requires, break his promise to man, or Oath to God, without further dispensation, or satisfaction?

Alas,

Alas, How cheap is Conscience grown, amongst the Grandees of the World? They all ask it *Judas* his Question, *Quid mihi dabitis?* What fruit may we expect from thee? What advancement of our Affaires? What colour for our unwarrantable Actions? What Cloak for our Ambitions? Will it stalk to our Designes? Will it make way, or give way to our Interests? Thus Piety is grown to be the greatest intrigue of State, Any errour or crime must be committed, rather than this mask unveiled: There is nothing so politick as Conscience, if we may believe History, especially that of these latter times.

XXII. *Of Frugality.*

IT seems to be an Argument alone sufficient to perswade thrift, that without it, no man is rich or happy; For Luxury, as it tends to ruine at last, so, in the mean time, it exposes to all the pres-

sures

ſures of a declining Eſtate, and interlards, as it were, Riot with Poverty, ſince he that hath not a fortune equal to his expence, is already in the condition of a poor man.

And this Argument, *ab incommodo*, hath the greater force, in regard, nothing is more familiar, then for men of Noble Blood, eminent abilities, active ſpirits, and aſpiring thoughts, to endeavour ſomewhat worthy of themſelves, wherein they could not have failed, if they had not, by their own or Anceſtors improvidence, been as it were diſmounted; For when they offer to ſoare, they find, that though they have the courage of an Eagle, yet their wings are but like the wings of a Batt; Which misfortune is moſt obſervable in Princes, whoſe Exchequers being once emptied by profuſe Gifts, and vain Pomp, not only their lawrels, but their Coronets, and even their Olive-branches wither, their Authority is ham-ſtrung, and of Princes, they ſoon become Penſioners.

But let us withall conſider, That the Riotous are no better than Vermine, born

born to consume and devour; Drones, which making no Hony themselves, eat up that which the industry of the Bees hath gathered: For though some will object, that vast expence serves to quicken commerce, and with some equality distribute wealth; Yet it were too bold a Paradox to maintain, That the Common-wealth hath need of Vice to support it.

Let us remember, that for a man to sacrifice his Estate to his present Appetite, savours of the meer Epicure, and is a more then brutish improvidence. That it hath lesse excuse, then the prophanesse of *Esau*, which would plead extremity of hunger: Indeed, how can he be thought to contemplate eternity, that neglects posterity, and looks not beyond an instant of time?

Certainly, There is much Philosophy, nay Divinity in true thrift: It is the equiballance of the soul betwixt Lust and Avarice; For thrift is not only consistent with, but neer of kin to Liberality, preserving it both from vice and misfortune; since it is seldom seen, That

Fa-

Families are ruined with Hospitality, or Treasuries exhausted with Bounty.

When I consider all those works of Piety, Charity, and Magnificence, which continue amongst us, as everlasting Monuments, more honourable than the Trophees of Conquest; When I aske my self, who built our Churches? Who founded our Hospitalls? Who endowed our Colleges? I easily answer, it was not the dissolute spend-thrift, who can enjoy nothing but what he consumes; It was not the penurious niggard, who would, if it were possible, carry his Coffers with him into another World; It was the honest *Mesnager*, whom God had blest with largeness of heart, capable of pious and generous designes, with abundance of wisdom, to contrive, with amplitude of fortune, to accomplish the same.

The vertue of Frugality dwells not in the hand, but in the mind; Else we must ascribe much Vertue to our Iron Chests; *Parsimony* therefore is a foul imposture; For though it want not its pretence, The exorbitancies and mischiefs of Luxury

having furnished it with a long and decent Cloak, Yet surely it proceeds but from that Atheistical wisdom which distrusting providence, would prevent it; And is, at best, but the doughness of an abortive soul.

XXIII. *Of Active, and Passive Valour.*

THough Patience be, in our Age, accounted a Vertue, for none but Eunuchs, Women, and Stoicks, Yet he that compares it with that vulgar valour, which the world so highly extolls, shall find it far more estimable, more eligible: Valour may be the heavier Iron, but Patience is the truer Steel.

Indeed the Valour of our times seems to be the most irregular of all the Vertues, subject to much Intemperance, and Transportation, Very apt to degenerate into Rashness and Insolency. Patience

is

is a Quality compoſed of Religion and Reaſon, Free from the Neighbourhood of Vice.

Valour reſembles the leaves and bloſſoms of the Tree, moſt agreeable indeed to the ſight, but flouriſhing only in Summer; Patience is like the root or ſap, which though ſecret, and concealed to the eye, yet keeps it alive in Winter, and preſerves it from the injuries of Winds and Blaſts.

Valour is ſo much ſeated in the Liver and Veins, Tha ſometimes it appears to have more of Complexion then Vertue. Patience dwells in the upper Region of the ſoul, and hath no Commerce with the blood or humours of the body.

Valour is expoſed to many ſurpriſals, and is obſerved to have its gayeties and intermiſſions, It is not alwayes at hand, nor alwayes uſeful, For it ruſts in peace. But Patience is an Armory, alwayes ready, alwayes neceſſary, We have not greater uſe of the Elements, than of it.

Alas! Who can fight againſt his deſtiny? Or what will it avail men to dare, when

when they are called to Suffer? When we come to grapple with death, or close with afflictions, more grievous than it, A dram of Patience is then worth an ounce of Valour: Valour like a stone Wall is broken with obstinate resistance, whilst Patience, like a Rampart of Mud, damps the violence by yielding.

Valour is a Vertue, that hath cost the World dear, Mankind is thought to have payd for it, more than it is worth; It carries, like *Sylla*, wrath and ruine in its countenance, And no Comet hath had so fatal an influence, upon humane affaires, Witness the subversions of Governments, and Corruptions of manners, which it daily and every where effects, introducing for Justice & Modesty, Riot and Rapin, for the Arts and Learning of *Greeks*, the Ignorance and Barbarism of *Gothes*; These are the fruits of this tyranical Vertue, which knowes no end of booty and Conquest. Patience was never injurious to any, but as it is happy to it self, so it is alwayes innocent to others, and ambitious of nothing but Martyrdom.

Yet

Yet, in regard we are fallen into those latter times, when he that wants a sword, is advised to sell his Cloak, and buy one: Swords, I confess, are now become as necessary as Lawes, And we can no more want Valour, than Justice, For how shall that protect others, which is not able to defend it self; Justly therefore doth the World do homage to a Vertue, which is at once both terrible, and amiable, since from it we fear our Destruction, and to it we owe our Protection; It oppresses indeed, and that sometimes heavily, But withall, it rescues us from all Oppressions, save its own: Truly it hath an excellent use; But then like strong Minerals, it must be corrected and refined from its Crudities; It must be steered by a better Pilot, For like fire and water, it is safer to serve, then command.

My result and Conclusion is this, I esteem no Valour to that Christian Fortitude, which had rather suffer the greatest injuries, then do the least; And I reckon no Coward to the Impatient man, to whom nature was cruel at his birth,

birth, and wisdom a Step-Mother in his Education.

XXIV. Of Clemency.

CLemency is a generous Vertue, enclining Magistrates to pardon, where Lawes condemn; And herein it surpasseth Equity, as much as that doth Justice; For Equity is but moderated Law, Clemency is free grace, Equity relieves against rigour, Clemency remits where no Equity can relieve.

Now this Vertue in men, is parallel to one of the greatest Excellencies of the Divine nature, For as God, when he relieves our wants, exercises his Mercy, so doth he, when he forgives our faults, his Clemency.

But, Clemency, as well as Justice, is fled to Heaven, And hath scarce left her Mantle behind; Only a kind of Rag, patched up with these three sordid and rotten

rotten Ingredients, Fear, Policy, and Remiſſeneſſe.

Fear is like a ſecret conſpirator, by whoſe unworthineſs and treachery, Juſtice is commonly ſurpriſed and diſarmed, perhaps poyſoned, or ſmoothered; And yet, when Princes have not the courage to do Juſtice, but are ſordidly overawed by the Power, and Greatneſs of Offendors, This their Paraſites are wont to call Clemency.

Policy, in this ſenſe, is as a corrupt Judge, ſuborned to condemn, or a Meſſenger of Death, to ſtrangle the Lawes unheard; And yet, whilſt in order to ſome State-end, of more ſeeming advantage than a forfeiture, Magiſtrates are content to look, as it were, through their fingers; Even this Impoſtor muſt put on the ſhape of an Angel.

Remiſſineſs is as the Lethargy of Government; Howbeit, when the Reigns thereof are ſo ſlack, that (contrary to the Excellent Doctrine of *Stoicks*, *Parcit & indulget ſapiens*, *non ignoſcit*) not only criminous perſons are indulged, but even Crimes remitted, And that ſo ſleightly &

 fre-

frequently, as it ſeems rather a Compliance, than a Pardon, ſo that vices, as Weeds, are ſuffered to overtop and choak the Laws, This looſneſſe alſo uſurps the honourable name of Clemency.

Whereas indeed true Clemency is diſtemper'd with no alarms, aw'd with no dureſs, bribed with no ends, ſtupified with no Opium, But being a free & wiſe habit, hath no Aim ſave Vertue, and is as void of deſign as Bounty.

Certainly, the practice of this Vertue was never more neceſſary, than in our dayes, when Lawes are becom as dark and intricate, as the crimes and abuſes they would prevent or puniſh, As generally penall, as if all ſins were equal, And as if they were made, not with an intent that they ſhould be duly executed, but ſtand, as many of them do, only for bug-bears and ſcare-crowes, Yet withall ſo numerous, that no memory can hope to retain, and indeed, ſcarce any innocency to ſatisfie them. Magiſtrates therefore, ſhould by their wiſdom and moderation, correct and ſweeten them, eſpecially in matter of capital concernment, wherein the

the wariness of ancient Law-givers is most imitable, who ordained the greatest punishments for none, but the greatest and most important Crimes, Thereby declaring, That even whilst they designed to punish men as transgressors, yet still they pitied and considered them as men.

The errours of ignorance and improvidence differ from wilful and determinate, being such as seem to be extorted by a kind of necessity, are not equal to those that proceed from malice, wantonness and contempt, Some faults there are, whose punishment will neither serve for example to others, nor pardon endanger the Common-wealth; some persons, whose former merits, or future hopes might challenge indulgence or mitigation, In such cases Magistrates have fair opportunities to renown their mercy and prudence, by distinguishing the circumstances and degrees of Guilt, and interposing betwixt laws & offences.

Lawes only examine *Quid*, Magistrates should consider *Quo animo*; Lawes can admit of no excuses, But Magistrates may entertain Apologies; Lawes must

not endure that their sentences be disputed, But Magistrates should listen to the equity of an appeal.

The wise Magistrate doth not punish men, because they have offended, but lest they should offend; He is not angry, but provident: In all his Rigours, he hath still an eye to these three ends, The amendment of the party, the Reformation of the People, and publick security. This Maxime he layes as the basis of all his Justice, That it were better many great offendors should escape, than one honest Citizen suffer, Or a Member be unnecessarily lopt off from the Common-wealth; And therefore it is truly said, That Nature and Reason designes good men for Magistrates.

Seneca, with much earnestness, inculcates this Doctrine to *Nero*, That against Law, none could destroy, nor any, but the Emperour, preserve, Thereby perswading him the more to value this power of pardoning, as being the most radiant Gem of his diadem, and his best prerogative. Indeed, what glory can a Prince affect, like that of Clemency? since

since it is superiour even to Justice, A vertue truly soveraign, and incommunicable.

To some offences, an evil Conscience is sufficient punishment, Some are as slippery as Eeles, Lawes cannot take hold of them, Those that endeavour to restrain them with penalties, do but foil themselves, & betray their insufficiency, As that wise Emperour *Tiberius* observed of the pomp and superfluity in his time, That Vices of that nature could be no way redrest, unless necessity reformed the poor, saciety the rich, and shame all. A good and prudent Governour will not baffle his Justice, in directing his severity against these and the like abuses; but will rather endeavour with the Vertue of his example to supply the defect of Edicts.

3 But why do I vainly discourse of Clemency, whilst Equity, and even Justice it self lies every where bleeding. Alas, the Lawes of most Countries are squared, rather to private Passion, then publick Benefit, to serve present designs, then procure lasting Reformations:

Their obscurity is not by chance. It is the aim of the Law-makers, that, in interpreting them, they may draw to themselves a power, as absolute, as if there were no Lawes. How then can we hope for redress, when Remedies prove Diseases? Or what room is there left for Clemency, whilst forfeitures are more acceptable then obedience?

XXV. *Of Magnanimity.*

IT is admirable to see, how the world hath misconceived of a brave and generous Spirit, which name is commonly attributed to none, but men of unbridled Passions, & such as fortune and Education have made insolent. Now this is not properly the Courage of men, but of horses, which with high keeping are apt to grow fierce and unruly.

He that is truly magnanimous, judges the habit of domineering to be but a kind of Pedantick Gallantry, and abhorrs nothing more, then the brutishness of

of a Voluptuous Appetite, and diſoluteneſſe of a lawleſſe Spirit.

He places not all his glory in his power to Offend, as Boars do in their Fangs, But as he ſcorns the Imputation of a Coward, ſo he much more hates diſloyalty and Oppreſſion, And prefers the Idea of *Cato* before that of *Cæſar*.

He eſteems Warre (as Warre, without due limitations,) to be a profeſſion for none but *Goths*, and *Vandales*, a barbarous deciſion of right and wrong, the laſt appeal, and worſt of remedies to be uſed, like the cutting of off Gangreened lims.

A juſt Warre he perſecutes, only with Relation to honeſt Peace, To which he Courts his Enemy, even when he hath conquered him, Alwaies ready to referre or compound his Intereſts, and never Obſtinate, but in the defence of his country.

He is not affected with the Popular Ayr, and for diſcontent he never habored it ſo much as in a dream, Faction he declines, not ſo much for the Danger, as the Vice and pravity of it, Reformation he intends, but liſtens not to Novelty;

ſo that turbulent Spirits deſpayre of his confederacy, and fear his Moderation, more then the Enmity of others.

He is not eaſily ſcared out of honeſt Principles, nor are his ſober and generous reſolutions checked with any ſervile feare; For he hates that Providence, which, to the Prejudice of vertue, foreſees all poſſibility of hazard, and reſerves his friendſhip then to appear, when all others are timorous, and withdraw themſelves.

He deſpiſes not Honour, in regard it is or ought to be the ſhadow of Vertue, yet weighs not himſelf by titles, ſince they adde not to his intrinſicall Value; He is rather content with the true honour of doing nothing unworthy of himſelf, and with the Greatneſſe of a ſincere heart. Thus he never ſeeks preferment, but it allwayes follows him, and he hath the refuſall of it.

He is cautious, in Promiſing, for he is rigorous in performing, and can give no greater aſſurance then his word, from which to recede, might perhaps do injury to others, but to himſelf violence.

He

He is no Usurer of his Benefits, neither by precedent delayes, nor subsequent reproaches, Full of humanity, as knowing the Instability, and contemning the Petulancy of Fortune.

His memory is the faithful treasury of Benefits, or but Courtesies, received, which he ever quits seasonably, and with interest; In the mean time, he owes and owns them chearfully, and looks not upon his Patron, as his Gaoler, detesting that ingratitude, which when it cannot requite, hates its benefactor.

As he is strict in discharging Obligations, so he is nice in receiving them, especially from unworthy men, lest he be driven to a kind of ingratitude. For such benefits are to him, as suspected as Snares, as loathsom as Prisons, as odious as Bribes; remembering that excellent address of *Seneca* to *Cicero*, where perswading him to disdain the mercies of *Anthony*, He alledges, That if his life were worth acceptance, it would not be freely offered him by so great an enemy and Tyrant.

He is candid and tender in his transactions,

actions, and so modest in his just demands, that his modesty even extorts Justice from others; In his censures well-advised, not only out of Prudence, but Conscience, He flie-blowes no mans fame, his reports and narratives neither multiply, nor yet aggravate.

Prosperity he suspects, as temperate men do sweet Wine, And therefore allayes it with sober recollection and vigilancy, Adversity is more his Element, He is the same to the World in both Estates, Onely to himself severer in the former, doing double duty, in regard his greatest enemies are then neerest.

He is large in all his actions, noble in his entertainments, laying the foundation of magnificence, in discreet frugality, Careless of outward things, as his prudence will permit, And if he be rich, he is not in bondage, nor pupillage to his Estate.

He hath the Boldness of a Lion, without the Rage, The Caution of a Fox, without the Craft; Subtle without equivocation, Courtly without falshood, Courteous without design; Friendship he

he eſteemes a holy Myſtery, and would as ſoon commit ſacriledge it ſelf, as wrong it. Of nothing, but God, and his own Conſcience, he ſtands in awe, And therefore is as ſolicitous, in directing his thoughts, as wary, in framing his diſcourſe, And provides, that his intentions be as well upright, and reaſonable, as his actions morall.

XXVI. *Of Taciturnity.*

IF it be a beginning of Wiſdom to avoid folly, Certainly ſilence would at leaſt challenge this honour: For there are not greater or more conſiderable Errours or miſchiefs, then thoſe that proceed from the miſgovernments of the Tongue, No greater breaches of Charity, Violations of Juſtice, or interruptions of Peace, betwixt man and man, in private Families, and oft times even in Cities.

Yet

Yet, since we live not in Cloysters, but Common-wealths, since Vertues consist not in Negatives, and Wisdom is not a dumb spirit, It follows, that as Temperance is better then entire abstinence, so the wisdom of speaking, only in due season, is to be preferred before demure silence. *Sapiens non silet, sed tacet.*

No Sect, or Order, methinks, should be so austere, as to interdict us the benefit of an innocent conversation; But discretion should alwayes direct our discourses, to some profitable end: For, a wise man will be frugal of his words, though they seem to cost him nothing.

He will know, that his speech can hardly be sufficiently weighed, so as it neither savour of levity, nor give offence, especially in such an Age as this, wherein there may perhaps be as little safety in telling truths, as honesty in speaking falshoods, And prejudices are so many, That the veriest Sycophant findes enough to do to please all.

He will consider, That the most innocent Discourses, may be either ignorantly

rantly misinterpreted, or voluntarily wrested, and perhaps enviously misreported, That it is not enough, to mean uprightly, unless he speak so warily, that even malice it self can misconstrue nothing; for free speakers have need of Candid Auditors.

He will observe, How confident talkers betray themselves to snares and discoveries, Their thoughts are transparent, and their brests, as it were, Chrystall; silence hath as much advantage on them, as the close Guard in fencing, upon an open posture, or a well-conducted Troop, upon disordered Squadrons.

He will seldom give way to unprofitable Arguments; Nor loves them, for their own sake, but truths; Knowing how much apter they are to end in animosity then peace, and how subject to uncivil interferings. However, he is neither peremptory, nor loud in maintaining them; Not peremptory, For bold assertions proclaim either invincible ignorance, or overweening prejudice, which is ever blind of one eye; Nor loud, because he directs his speech, not to Sense, but Reason.

He

He will remember and weigh, how great an impotency it is for a man, to fall by his tongue, How many have been accounted wise, till their own follies have confuted fame; How decently on the other side, even ignorance it self is palliated with silence.

He will be serious, even in his mirth, and wonderful choice in the subject of his Jests, so that they render him, neither faulty to himself, nor guilty to others, For unseasonable scoffes are sometimes as much resented, as solemn injuries, And friendship hath as oft been broken in jest, as in earnest.

In all his Discourses, he will chiefly aim at Vertue, or Peace, having an especiall regard to the strict Duties of Religion and Charity, And rather then transgress either of these, he will be content to live and die a *Carthusian*.

XXVII. *Of Temperance.*

TEmperance is a vertuous habit of governing the Appetite, according to Nature and diſcreet Convenience: But, in regard, all Vertues conſiſt in regulating the Appetite, leſt this Definition ſhould prove too large, we will rather deſcribe Temperance to be the Philoſophy of Diet, or Habit of eating or drinking moderately.

Truly it is both a great Vertue, and a great Wiſdom, A great Vertue in its Principle and Deſign, A great wiſdom in its Progreſſe and Iſſue.

Its deſign is ſelf-Conqueſt, and the ſoveraign Command of Reaſon over ſenſe, A noble diſdain to ſerve the belly, An ambition to be as ſpirituall, as is poſſible, And to reſemble the perfection of Angels,

Angels, who ſubſiſt without thoſe feeble and diſhonourable ſupports, Upon theſe grounds, The generous ſoul confines her ſelf to ſimple nouriſhment, to exalt Vertue, as far as ſhe can, without robbing nature; Upon theſe indeed, yet not upon theſe only, ſhe hath yet higher and worthier deſignes; To obey Gods Commandements in the regular uſe of his Bounty, To ſerve him with vigour and ſerenity of thought, To offer him the ſacrifice of chaſt and pure Meditation, To give example of Chriſtian ſobriety to others, To be Chriſts frugall and diſcreet Almoner, To reign over her Affections and Luſts, To wean her ſelf from the love of this World, To grow old in the ſervice of God, Theſe are her excellent aims and endeavours; And accordingly, they proſper with her, For as *Solomon*, asking only Wiſdom, had riches and honour caſt in, ſo Temperance aiming directly at Gods ſervice, collaterally procures her own advantage, And her events are as happy as her end was honourable.

She

She hath clear digestion, not like the Gourmand, whose afternoons and nights reproach his Meales, No foure Vapours revenge the sweetness of her Morsel, No Cholick or Crudities torment her; she hath firm and vigorous Constitution, not like the Epicure, whose abrupt health resembles only the intervalls of Frensies, Her health is entire, so that nothing but the soul takes Physick; she hath lightness of body, not charged with drosse and bulk, If she take a bruise, There is no resort of peccant humours, like that of Vermine to Carrion, And if she get a wound, she hath no Ulcer, that bleeds Wine and Porrage; she hath even temperature, The Quartane fiend doth not haunt her, The Calenture doth not burn her, she is not like Tinder to every spark of Infection; No flegme intercepts her breath, she takes no head Pills to purge the brain, nor sirrups, to ripen and void her Rheume, lest the Gangreen seise upon her Lungs; In fine, she is subject to few Diseases, and none incurable, but Age.

She

She hath free and easie mirth, not like the surprisals of disbanded laughter; but such as exceeds not Moderation, Decency, or it self; Her reason is still awake, and unclowded, No mists of prejudice are cast before her eyes, Neither is she in danger to put a fallacy upon others, or her self receive one; Her passions are curbed, and offer not to swell, She can reprove without anger, or be angry without sinning, And her temper is the wonder of those with whom she converses; Her will, being unseduced by the Appetite, is simply obedient, and followes Conscience, with an implicite faith; Her soul is at perfect leisure to perform all its functions, Nay to receive divine impressions, and enlarge it self, as if it were out of the body; Her affairs, be they never so crabbed or difficult, entangle her not, but yield to her diligence, and prove only Entertainments, so as she hath nothing to interrupt her present happiness, or intercept her future.

And let none object, That many temperate men are far from arriving at these

these perfections, since, alas, Temperance is unhappily mistaken for a meer negative Vertue of not surfeiting, or Wine-bibbing; As for the simplicity of Diet, a Spartane Table, and the slender proportion of that which is enough, it is scarce known now a dayes; surely, our Bills of Mortality acquaint us not, how many digge their Graves with their teeth, who, I fear, are more in number, then those that fall by Sword, Famine, and Pestilence.

XXVIII. *Of Gratitude.*

AMongſt the Characters of heroicall Vertues, I may not omit one ſo eminent, as that of thankfulneſs, ſince, he that exhorts others to be thankful, pleads the Cauſe both of God and Man.

A great Vertue, ſaid I, nay rather a great Duty, and but a little Vertue; ſince eminent Vertues are ſuch only, as ſeem to ſupererogate, Or at leaſt enlarge themſelves, beyond the narrow Chanel of not offending.

Yet, I cannot coneur in Opinion, with thoſe that would have Gratitude to be a limb of Commutative Juſtice, no more then I eſteem Bounty, a ſpecies of Commerce. But this I dare not affirm, that the unthankful are but Galley-ſlaves to the Law, and cannot pretend to ſo much, as natural Conſcience; for it is ob-

obſervable, That even Beaſts of Prey, that have no bowels of mercy, nor ſenſe of Juſtice, have yet a kind of Religion to remember benefits, Nothing is unthankful, but evil Angels, and wicked men.

An Ungrateful man is a Felon to Reaſon, which recommends to him Gratitude, (if poſſible) before Religion it ſelf, And layes it as the Corner-ſtone of naturall Divinity, which exalts *Lex talionis*, above all Lawes, and even teaches us to ſerve God, becauſe he made and feeds us. Now, if we be thereby commanded to do in Juſtice, as we would be done to, How much more are we directed to deal in Charity, as we have been dealt with? Eſpecially ſince thankfulneſs hath no need of Art, nor is tied to outward advantages, But is an Act of ſo great ſimplicity, as nothing but malice it ſelf can prevaricate.

Ingratitude is the worſt kind of diſloyalty, and breach of Confidence, For injured benefits are like Jewels, ſecretly depoſited with friends, who, for want of witneſſe, never reſtore them; with this only

only difference, that there our honesty, here our piety is concerned.

Yet, let me not seem, in condemning the Vice, too much to eclipse the Vertue, For Gratitude is the most free and natural Issue of well-born souls, not allured with hopes of reward, nor extorted with penalties, but an invisible habit, which hath only conscience for its Jury, and God for its Judge, Parallel to Charity, the Queen of Graces, whose glory it is, that she might safely have been uncharitable, Whose reward, to have expected none.

FINIS.